THE

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A MEMORY.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

A little patch of meadow,
Where birch and maple meet,
A brook whose gentle flowing
Seems like the mystic going
Of light-shod fairy feet;

A mountain in the distance,
A stretch of wood between,
Where beds of moss lie dreaming,
With purple violets gleaming
From out their emerald green;

A low-thatched whitewashed cottage,
With lilacs swaying tall,
Jasmine like stars descended
In columbine close blended
Upon the garden wall;

Out to the wide dim distance
A shady roadway goes,
With wild rose at the edges,
And low-hung rocky ledges
Where purple aster grows.

And this is happy childhood,
The time of times to me;
Though life all else had taken,
The picture hangs unshaken
In memory's gallery.

RED KELLY;

OR,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!"

It was in the year 18— that we lift the curtain, and exhibit the first scene in this thrilling drama of real life.

It was spring-time, and the long lines and clumps of trees had as yet donned nothing of their new attire—their glossy and silky garments lying still unpeeled in their trunks; their slim branches showing against the sky, like the gray outlines of the artist's skeleton fancy, traced upon the canvas, before the coming inspiration blends the rich and varied colors.

In the larger of the two inns which a certain New England village boasts, there is the sound of mild revelry, wherein the strong, sharp voice of the violin walks up and down the gamut, with the mellow tones of the B flat cornet striking in even as a pulse-beat; and young, turbulent feet zigzag about the polished hall floor in the devious waltz.

However, we have but little to do with the hilarity of the revellers, and will just draw the attention of our friends toward two persons, whom we find in the bar-room. There are a few other loafers about, although the most of them are in the hall above, or loitering along the entries, interested in the tossing heels of the dancers.

The younger of the two men down-stairs was evidently a citizen of the place; the other, a traveller, tarrying for the night at the Adams House.

The stranger more than once glanced up from the local paper, which he had taken from a book-shelf near by; and at last, tossing the sheet aside, he drew out and lighted a cigar. The silent young fellow opposite had been for a half-hour hanging persistently to his briar-wood mortar, either forgetting to smoke, or else contemplating perhaps falling into the fluted bowl.

"Rather a dull place hereabouts?" ventured the traveller, tilting his chair around so as to face his companion.

"Stagnant!" laconically returned the young man.

"You belong here, I imagine?"

A pre-occupied nod was the reply.

"You astonish me just a trifle, my friend," said the audacious stranger.

The younger man lifted his eyebrows with an absent-minded half-sigh; but directly, with a jerk forward of his chair, he aroused himself to that extent that led him to dig among the ashes of his pipe with his knife-blade, and no sooner had he gouged into the very bowels of his brier-wood, than he raised his eyes with a half-quizzical glance, and made the unexpected comment: "I am astonished myself."

"Thought you would be when you awoke from your doze; but, as you seem not to take offence at my freedom of speech, I would ask why you remain where your surroundings are unpleasant?"

"Hang it, man, are you a sorcerer?"

"Not a bit of it."

"How, then, do you get at it that my surroundings *are* unpleasant?"

"I argue from the simplest grounds. When I see a young man of your buoyant age with a moody glow in the eyes and that elegant piece of fluted trimming across the brows, the scowl and the fire speak volumes."

"Well?"

"I am just back from Somerset County, where I have been to say 'How-do-ye-do?' and 'Good-bye' to my friends for a time, times and half a time; and am bound on a prospecting tour, calculating to 'launch my bark, mariner,' upon the sea of speculation."

"Ah!"

"Come, join that 'innumerable caravan.'"

"I have not the means."

"For active partnership? That need not matter. You can join the chase as whipper-in, and yell 'tally-ho' when the lucky fellow takes the brush. I have partners awaiting me in New York; we have massed our floating capital, and go shares on the profits."

"Your destination?"

LONG CHAMP AND THE SCOUTS DEFENDING THE TRAIN AGAINST RED KELLY'S RENEGADES.

"The frontier—to draw our striped tape along and around our Uncle Sam's unoccupied acres."

Griff came quickly to his feet, seized with a sudden inspiration.

"I will go!" he said, decidedly. "When do you start?"

"From here to-morrow. Go home, and sleep a night upon the matter. I shall take the 1.30 train for New York city."

Griff almost immediately left the inn. The traveller before the grate, musing, reflecting, running out government grants in his broad, well-developed brain, heard indistinctly the jar and murmur of the mild Bedlam overhead, and the loungers coming down from the entries above, and peeping with a very little of eye and very much of nose, at the uncommunicative stranger, meandered homeward; and the traveller of whom we have spoken, finding some odd fancies teeming in with his future projects, nodded repeatedly at what he thought in his own mind, and concluded, for the sake of secrecy and dignity, to steady his head upon one of mine host's mattresses.

So the spring-time sun went faithfully on his old route, and in due time passengers bound outward began to arrive at the station. Neither too soon nor too late, but just in time, Griff came into the depot, valise in hand, and casting a rapid glance among the congregated people, met the keen gray eyes of his acquaintance of the previous evening.

An understanding nod passed between them, and Griff, springing up the steps, entered the car and took the other half of the seat occupied by the traveller.

"We're rather remiss in names, friend," said the tall stranger. "Mine is Dick de Lancy; but my friends, with an eye to brevity and keenness, call me Lance. Yet, I am Dick, hale fellow, or whatever you choose, to yourself."

"Thank you," returned his companion. "I am Griffith Hume."

"Griff—for short—allow me?"

"Certainly; I should hardly know myself, if addressed differently."

"A fair understanding at the start is a fine plan. As we go toward New York I will show you the muscles, jointing and general outline of our skeleton enterprise. Whether you join the fraternity or not, matters but little. In the new country you will find what you need—rapid and exciting action, which will prove a blessing to you."

"Action *will* prove a blessing," responded Griff, half-unconsciously.

Just at that moment the train gave a hunch of the shoulders, and the long iron back-bone cracked and rattled in every joint—the heavy feet under the cars clattered, and with its deep, sonorous breaths, and its irresistible tramp, the "iron-horse was off on his race-course."

Griff's face, as they moved away, was hung with dark and moody shadows. His companion, with imperturbable front, took notice of all passing objects, such as the brown and still naked soil, the tardy brightening-up of the forest evergreens, the sullen, swollen Merrimac, and the quiet, Sabbath appearance of the stagnant villages through which they rode.

By and by Griff accepted the inevitable, and the gray mists rolled away from his handsome visage, and he felt a growing interest in his companion.

On leaving New York our two friends had four others added to their party. Two partners of De Lancy and a Mr. Keith and Mr. Dempster, who, upon learning of the destination of our friends, had prevailed upon them to tarry a few days until they could arrange to join the expedition. We spare the reader a tedious description of these gentlemen, preferring that time and circumstances should paint their life-size portraits for them.

There was something remarkable however in the last man to arrive, who, just as the train had signalled to start, came up to the station, puffing like a dummy engine, and taking his valise up the steps with a dislocating jerk, threw himself into a seat with a running nod to the others.

His looks and manners were so odd that De Lancy took the first opportunity to explain to Griff in a whisper—

"Professor Dempster, naturalist and given to botany, who joins our party with the purpose of gathering moss-agates and all manner of vegetable and mineral substances, as specimens for some firm in whose employ he is."

If we attempted to describe Keith, the man with no particular business, we should find it impossible to do him justice. A first glance at his countenance would send the mercury up twenty degrees in the mental barometer; the second prepared you to laugh at anything which he might say. His face was plain, if not actually ugly, but every line, angle and curve rioted with magnetic and irresistible humor. Every gesture, every motion was as good as an acting charade, and he could throw into his deep voice an inimitable under-current of suppressed emotion.

For the life of him, Griff could not remove his eyes from the man's remarkable face. He also noticed that every garment was well fashioned and just appropriate to his stature. The close fitting frock-coat, buttoned across his Herculean breast, seemed to signify freedom of action not allowable to that wide and windy waste of coat-tail which fashion, at that time, permitted to whip the heels of her votaries.

This man and the Professor, with his comical blue spectacles and long, straggling beard, afforded such a study that whatever qualms of home-sickness or other mind disease might afflict Griff, he threw it off and became one of the social, merry party, long before they arrived at their destined stopping-place.

"If you choose to traffic," De Lancy had explained to him, "there is no necessity of having a heavy purse. Half of the giant speculators do their large business without funds. Buy on credit, you understand, and sell out to meet payments, or—" a significant pause followed.

"Or burst the bubble on which they ride!" put in one of the partners.

"Exactly," responded the first speaker; "and, by George! more than a trifle of them ride into harbor astride of the bubbles, and make a great thing out of the affair."

"I hardly think that I shall venture into trade," said Griff.

"Well, then, scores of other avenues are open to the willing mind. There may be opportunities for wearing the gilt hat-band of a commissioned officer; that is, if newspaper reports do not exaggerate the rising troubles of the frontier. Border ruffianism is rampant, and the man with dash and daring in his make-up, can generally sport a title to his name, with a permanent situation at some of the forts.

Then followed a spirited conversation upon the serious troubles of the frontier; and the different members of the company compared notes, and finally made up a unanimous vote that newspapers were not in the least to be relied on, and reporters were mere gas fixtures attached to the editorial office.

CHAPTER II.

THE WARNING.

"Not a particle, not a particle overdrawn," remarks Boniface, proprietor of the small hostelry that stands as a sort of picket guard on the outskirts of civilization.

This had been his reply to Griff's question as to whether the reports of the press in regard to frontier atrocities were authentic; and now, after a week's faithful, unobtrusive observation, the young man felt like coinciding with his host.

"There is a secret league that actually makes it dangerous for a man from the States to avow opinions or principles in this section. By the way," dropping his voice to a confidential, half-audible tone, and motioning Griff to one side, "what could have brought one or two of your party to this vicinity again?"

"Again?" questioned his companion, in an astonished tone; "I was not aware that either of them had previously been in the West."

"Yes, sir; as sure as you live, the tall fellow with the gray eyes was hereabouts some four or five years ago—knew him in a moment, sir."

"You mean De Lancy?"

"De Lancy? No, sir; never heard that name before—but the fellow with the gray eyes and pointed mustache. Where is he now? He was obliged to run for it to save his neck. Hush, what was that?"

He had caught just one low, sibilant whisper from a knot of new-comers tarrying a bit under the awning, ostensibly to note the weather.

"Did you make it out?" he questioned Griff, while he pretended to be mixing a drink.

"Not plainly."

"Nor I, but it means mischief. The class of fellows like that outside—there! Swing off, sir, to the rear entrance, and I'll meet you while Tom fixes their liquor," this last in a whisper.

Here several persons, with much stamping and many oaths, found entrance to the bar, and insolently called out for drinks.

"Give the gentlemen the best, Tom," said the host, "while I look after the supper."

One word to the cook only, and then with a quick stride he was beside G under the little porch in the rear.

"God help us, if I am out in my reck ing, stranger, for if you split on me, th windlass my neck out like a gobbler; yonder's some of the fellows of the Lea I can swear."

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir, and they're pointing ga That black-mustached fellow ain't likel be coming from the direction of B City, is he?"

"I do not know. He inquired on morning of his departure if I had f for present needs. Said he was g across the reservation to meet Col Dewey, and would see me on his retu

"They're after him as true as deatl got hold of the two words 'old score' 'Vitee.' Ho! what in the mischie pay? there's a scuffle in yonder."

It was true. A heavy jarring, loud shouts and oaths were indescribably twisted together.

Griff crossed to the south side of the slab building, from which position he could obtain a glimpse of the bar-room.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, please go outside to settle the difficulty," the landlord was persuasively urging, with so little effect that a pistol ball travelling somehow straight through the crowd, lodged in the wall near his head; and the next moment the light was extinguished, leaving the struggling combatants in complete darkness. Dillton, the innkeeper, seized this opportunity to dash outside and find Griff.

"Go to the southwest, stranger, until you strike the R—— fork, then follow it for the distance of a mile, where you remain, if you cannot find the log cabin as is Vitee's headquarters. The travelled route leads along there, and you may be able to warn the victim. Tread lightly, tread carefully. A party of bushwhackers are circling in this section. There's another shot—some of the yaller furies is wounded, and I shall be missed. Don't split on me, stranger. There!"

Some one was calling for Dillton.

Griff for one moment stood irresolute. The scenes of the last half hour had been so unexpected and confusing that he hardly knew what to do. However, after that brief period of indecision, he carefully walked away from the hostelry, and a few rods off mended his pace, as much as the darkness of the night and the unknown route would permit.

Who was Vitee? And was not the landlord himself connected with the secret league? At least, from what De Lancy had said at parting, this road along the Fork would be his way of returning.

As he trod along the spongy way, heaped up soft and echoless with last year's grasses, a score of potent questions presented themselves to his mind.

He had now been something over a week—nearly two—on this outermost verge of civilization, and he certainly was anxious for a "new departure." There had been, as he thought, a singular splitting-up of the company. The two partners of De Lancy had taken a guide and gone toward Santa Fe on, as they stated, business of the firm. De Lancy himself, with Keith and Professor Dempster, had crossed the neighboring reservation.

"I shall be back in about a week, Griff, and if you choose we will go toward the Smoky Hill country prospecting. I must see Colonel Dewey—that is imperative—before I take any decided steps."

This was his final remark as he rode away.

CHAPTER III.

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to L——."

"Yer ain't ser'ous?"

"Fact. Every resolute man that attempts to get outside to bring in relief, has trouble with his hed; an' every train as thinks ter get in supplies, is gobbled up. I don't b'leve thar's rations inside fur fifty persons—an' that gives the five hundred a slim chance."

"What's gwine to be done?"

"They've perpounded that kernundrum, Champ, till they're sick on it. Nobody ken answer it."

A few moments of silence followed, then says Champ—

"They must be sufferin' for vittles at L——, if what you say is true."

"They air."

"Why don't yer get a mule train in, then?"

"We've been tryin' haf the guides in this section to do that same thing, an' we git jist about so fur, an' the whole cargo's conflatocated. We're bound down toward W——, now, to meet a train. Come on, Champ, bear a hand with us."

"I will," says the scout, decidedly. "I'll go out an' meet it, an' bring that train in, too."

With this he began to get up. We say began, and we speak advisedly, for there was too much of him to arise all at once.

Champ—or Long Champ, as he was known to the frontiersmen—was of extraordinary height, naturally; and he had contrived a sort of conical head-gear that added nearly eighteen fictitious inches to his longitude. From the extreme upper-end of this cap spouted the bushy tail of a silver fox, which gave him the appearance, when braced upon an eminence, of the lodge-poles of a dilapidated wigwam; and the gray feathery tail of his sugar-loaf in the wind tossed like a meagre evening smoke. And it was a pretty smart renegade rifle-ball that could overtake him, and find a margin for a target, when he worked his joints on a retreat.

Gradually unfolding and taking the kinks and twists out of his astounding height, he again reiterated—

"I'm gwine out to meet the train, *an' bring it in.*"

"There's some fellars with slouched hats as'll argy agin that project, Champ."

"Likely; but I'm gwine ter try an' persuade 'em that 'tain't best ter try ther eloquence on with my skeleton. Come, boys, let's strike ther trail ter ther sou'west. Red Fox an' a lot ov his cussed hardressers ar onpleasantly near our venison at present."

"The Sioux?"

"That same tribe ov heathens. I come purty near makin' one at their tea-party afore sundown."

"Ain't they gwine ter jine the pounce upon the incomin' supplies?"

"Bless yer soul, no; every one ov their bloody muzzles is pinted ter the norrard."

The party of three men, with some more low-spoken directions, shouldered their rifles, and by common consent, Champ took the lead.

The night was as black as pitch, but the guides, with eyes glowing like panthers, moved forward, looking and listening to the right and left, before and behind.

After about an hour's walking they struck along the brawling fork of the R——, and of a sudden—

"Hist!" emphasized Champ, chucking his skeleton down in the form of a half-shut jack-knife, and then cautiously continued, "Either a New Mexican muskeeter or a human bein' is near, at a ventur'; some'at crossed the bridge ov my nose, figeratively. Halt!" he called, sharply, bringing his rifle in range for winging the animated object. "Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"At a ventur'; but where from, and whither bound? with ther number an' name ov yer rigiment."

"I certainly am impressed to consider that I have stumbled upon friends. May I know your name?"

"Show my colors, eh? You git!"

"I am not speaking to Vitee?"

"Vitee, the Injin-tamer?—oh, no, no—most emphatically, no. I couldn't wear his close, nohow, stranger. Do yer want ter find his ant-hill?"

"Yes."

"Yer wading up ther wrong side ov ther fork."

"That's bad—very bad," remarked the new-comer, in disappointed tones.

"Well, git on with us, an' down a-piece we'll find the ford, an' yer ken git on ter the right track; but I think yer won't find Vitee, he's off on the trail ov sum leather-heads as did a big stampede forty miles above; not only took forty head of horse an' horned-cattle, but got the old fellow and his herdsman's upper-leather."

A few moments of silent walking, then Champ again questioned in a low tone—

"Not long from the States, stranger?"

"Not long."

"Knew it by yer speech; an', unless yer com out here predisposed to go into the shoo and leather bizziness, yer the wrong man in ther wrong place."

Of course much of this speech was lost upon the stranger, because it was not understood.

They carefully forded the turbulent fork, and taking the trail on the other side, came up to Vitee's camp, and found it deserted.

You rightly conjecture that this solitary pedestrian was Griff, who, in the hurry of his leave-taking at the inn, had not ascertained that he was to ford the fork and proceed up the other side.

"Dillton was somehow out in his kalkerlatings, if the ruffs thought to captur' Vitee; an' it's 'bout as well fur yer ter keep along ov us as to return."

Champ then explained their route and destination, and there was a spice of adventure about the affair that brought a willing affirmative from the young man.

"You were not expecting to meet the train to-night?"

"No; we're a-gwine ter locomote till daylights, an' then squat around among the hummicks after nightfall, if thar's anything skittish about our proceeding; an' with dusk agin we're ter spread our tongs lively, an' shall, as these chaps has summed it, make ther for'ard mule about midnight; an' in less than forty-eight hours we shall decide whether that ar vittlin' team gits to L——, or whether 'tis perswaded to remain outside."

After this halt and explanation they moved forward, silent and grim as phantoms, only halting about daybreak in a spot which was broken into slight hollows and rises.

"These pockmarks ov natur' will be some'at of a screen to our phisicale natcomys; an' while the rest on ye lay low, I'll turn my oil-factory orgins around perminously, an' see if I can scent enny of the meanderin' heathin in quest ov er job ov work."

Griff, so little time out from civilization and its pampering fare, enjoyed his meal of jerked meat and hard biscuits with the keenest and most enviable relish.

Daylight showed Champ and Griff to each other, and the scout's mental verdict was, "Sharp and strong as a peppercorn, but green as a leek in wonderaît," while the young man with difficulty preserved his face in decent sobriety, as he surveyed the surprising dimensions of Champ, and concluded that nature had shot him out through a powerful cylinder press.

"Boys," remarked Champ, once more coming to his feet, "I'm gwine ter track about at random, an' can't app'int any pertickler time ov return, as I banker ter locate two parties, as I know ter be on these ere flats. One's a squad er ruffs under Kelly—Bloody Kelly of ther Lasgne; an' t'other's the Free Riders ov ther Plains—ther purty speckled tossel-tops—it puts me outer breath to find proper appleations fur them ar lumps er grease; but, as I was gwine ter observe, yer better take things easy right here till I cum back, which event will be likely to occur about dusk."

Shouldering his rifle, the scout strode away, and Griff gazed after him as long as he was visible.

"Champ throws a mighty long shadder," said one of the scouts.

"An' not thicker'n a knife-blade. He was patturned to try ther fords without wetting his neckerchief," solemnly returned the other.

"Mighty convenient shape ter measure ther reservations, when ther's anything offensive in ther rear."

"Just it; and what Champ says he'll do has to be done. He an' Vitee—the Injintamer—are ther most invincerable scouts of the prarie."

Griff, interested to an intense degree, had a hundred questions to ask them about the two heroes.

And not one particle loth were they to give him information. He learned that Champ had spent several winters among and beyond the Rocky Mountains. That he had bedded and boarded on the plains since his fifteenth year. First as herdsman and driver, and afterward as guide and scout.

Griff also heard much about Vitee—although he had been known in those parts only three or four years—he was a man whose history, previous to his appearance upon the frontier, was sealed in mystery.

Lying there among the grasses, listening to the wonderful tales of border life, the young man found the long day slipping easily through his fingers.

Sunset, early dusk and heavy twilight came, and Champ did not return.

"Can anything have happened to him?" questioned Griff, in a disturbed tone.

"I don't reckon it," said the older of the two men. "No, yonder he comes."

It was some moments before Griff's vision could discern what the well-trained optics of the scout had discovered.

"Well?" was the simple interrogation that met him.

"Lor!" says Champ, "I've diskivered that ther's several big jobs of work ter be let out by contrac'. Fustly, ther's a nice detachment of ruffs as has spoke for Gregg's train, an' a squad of cropple-crowns a huggin' ther same delusion; an', accordin' to my reckonin', afore we're through with it, we shall hev played the game of 'Button, button, whose got the button?' till we're about sick on't. They're gwine to surruptitiously ambuskade by the ford, whar the bush'll screen ther figgers an' ther divilish designs, until they're got a front, flank and rear position when the poor fellers would be as a purebin' pea in a hot skillet, with a fiery rim all round an' at the bottom."

"And your plan?" questioned Griff, intensely excited.

"Ther's another ford two miles furder down the fork, but it's an almighty quaggy bit of ground on their side, an' er permiciously *pimply* bottom; but if ther train kan't get down thar, an' kan't cross arter they get there, why, as sure as the hearings, someboddy besides ther legitermate owners will unlode the waggins."

Stuffing his cheek with a cushion of tobacco, Champ continued—

"Spring yer traps lively, little boys, an' yer mustn't mind ef yer hev ter trot some ter keep up with daddy-long-legs, for we've got ter be twelve miles off afore midnight. Now, one, two, three, single file. Don't mistake my fox tail trimmen fur a comic, and star-gaze till yer tumble. Silent as shadders, with one ear forrard an' t'other laid back—march!"

The night was starlight, and utterly calm, with a small "cheese-rind" to come out after midnight.

The novelty of the position affected Griff strangely. It seemed to him that they were lost on a solemn, grassy sea. Hardly an echo beyond the soft *tush, tush* of their feet upon the matted and fallen last year's grasses, that bedded the luxuriant crop which spring was bringing again from the fertile sod. Occasionally there would come the short, empty call of a straggling animal, or the plaintive trill and tremor of some lonely bird; and, at intervals, other indescribable sounds, startling the blood along the listeners' veins as they fancied it the signal or decoy-note of unseen and murderous savage foes.

Just before midnight Champ halted and cast his eyes about the horizon.

"I'm glad ter see them clouds, fur it's hard onter moonrise, an' I'd like ter see this concave vault well scabbed over afore I jine my fortin to that on-comin' train. It's no well ter halt jest here; for if none ov them wanderin' people, known as Komanches, hev argued the price ov pervisions with 'em, we'll run afoul in less than menny minnits."

The four men grouped closely, leaning upon their rifles.

Half an hour of intense listening followed.

"Thar's huff-beats," aspirated Champ. "It's the van rider of the train, an' a right cheerful fellar, too. Thar ain't a loose buckle nor strap about his accoutermunts. Yer hev a signal, Duffy, gin it afore the fellar gets his forrard corks tangled in yer eyebrows."

Only the sharp, mournful yelp of the prairie dog—answered immediately in the same manner from the back of the oncoming horse.

"How fur back's the train?" questioned Duffy.

"Three-quarters of a mile. Is the coast clear along to the ford?"

"Not's I reckon," replied Champ; "thar's, by this time, a purty show of paint an' turkey-feathers and slouch hats on that route."

"Who have we here?" questioned the horseman, in astonished tones.

"Hand down yer ear an' I'll tell yer," was the humorous reply. "It's yer original Duffy, McCain and a fellar from the States, an' Long Champ, as says yer can't cross the old ford at ther forks."

"Ah, ambush?"

"Ambushcade. They'll be sassy—'caze they're in the wholesale biz."

"What are we to do—halt the train?"

"An' wait fur them ter come out an' welcome yer—no, sir."

"What then?"

"Go in—go in."

"But how?"

"I'll fix it soon's the entire congregation arrives."

The practised ear could now make out the jar and rumble of the on-coming wagons, and the van guard rode back a little to meet them and apprise them of their danger.

Champ came up and explained his plan.

"Keep on this old route ter within three miles of ther ford. Their scouts will be out that distance to ascertain if we are comin' in—so they'll be sure we air; then, with a sudden swing ter the right, we'll describe a half moon over some rough travel, and we'll find a soft piece of sile—a creeky place with no steep er bank that we stan a smart chance o' doublin' up an' knockin' the boasts' heads in with the fall send of the waggins, but, at er ventur', there ain't no other arthly or heavenly way of hopin' to unlode yer cargo yerselves. What say?"

"Move on, Champ—take these four horses leading behind, and mount your men," replied Mr. Gregg, in the same low and cautious tone that had prevailed during the entire conversation.

Champ and Duffy ahead, Griff and the other guards taking their position, the train was again started forward at a smart pace, and they kept it up without hurrying until the scout, when about three miles from the old ford, swung suddenly to the right, after sending this advice back—

"Try the best paces ever showed by hoss-bones, of yer want ter see L—— ter-night; stretch ther hides—gi-it a-p!"

He led off, and a succession of percussion cracks started every animal of the line into a racking gallop.

"In jest forty-five minutes the night-horks will diskiver our escopade, and be arter us, neck-an'-heels," said Champ to Duffy; "an', God of massy, ef thar's any balky beasts shind us, thar drivers won't hev windpips enuf ter whistle through by daylight ter-morrow. It's a reek ter run—but 'twas death ter them, anyhow."

Again he brought his lash down upon the flank of his beast, and it was a signal for the rear drivers to keep up.

He never spoke again until they were up so that they could hear the rush of the water where the narrowing banks just above them gave impetus to the current. Then he called out—

"Lead on, Duffy, straight over the soft ground;" and, whirling his animal about, he rode back along the line.

"Drive—drive—Gregg!" he shouted. "The spring weather has made it soft ahead—quaggy—don't halt an instant if you slump, or you're mired. On, on, every man—on for your lives! I hear the echo of the savages' hoofs a'ready. Give 'em the lash—the spur—on, on!"

For the next few awful moments there was the smacking of the animals' hoofs, leaving the mire only to return to it, their snorts and whinnies of terror, the creaks and groans of the laboring wheels and axles, the explosive snaps of the whips, and the clear, loud shouts of Champ, as he circled the entire train, yelling his orders, and lashing his own horse into fury, as he heard the unmistakable sound of pursuit.

Over the spongy earth in the one narrow, passable route, and they paused on the steep and crumbling bank of the fork.

"Yer kan't hurry much for a minnit now," said he. "Two men ter ther back ov every waggin ter steady 'em down ther bank—keerful, keerful—don't crowd—ye'll probably hev ter take one volley from ther reds—mebbe more, ef they know ther route as well as I do, but—air ye down, boys? The teams'll foller my beast now, up the bank—keerful, keerful, boys, or—it's steep—an' ye'll load yer hosses into yer waggins. All up!—how many more?—three? Hist yer biskets an' porrig' lively—in line—fall in line—spur, spur! Red Kelly ain't two gunshots shind us—on! on! on!"

The heavy train, striking firmer ground, rumbled rapidly forward.

Less than three miles out of L——, but the quagmire and the cobbly ford had not danated pursuit.

"Fall to the rear, Major Hunt," called Champ; "bring back the van and flank guards. We've gut ter parley with tongues of fire, an' occupy them fellers' minds while ther vittles goes forrard. Off yer hosses, men—Duffy an' McCain drive the beasts, an' persuade that train ter *git*. Down in ther grass, an' take 'em rake-ways."

The dozen resolute men, obedient to the order, dropped upon one knee and brought their rifles in range of the ruffians.

The volley was well directed, as cries and groans testified, and it was returned, but to a great disadvantage, as every man crouched down to the earth, and the renegades, being on horseback, their aim was too high. A second volley was given and returned, and then Red Kelly ordered his men to dismount.

"Knife and pistols!" shouted the ruffian, hurling his fearful odds against the seemingly doomed heroes.

(To be continued in our next.)

Memory.

The memory strikes me as perhaps the most astonishing of all the works of God. How such infinite quantities of reminiscence can lie stored up in the brain, ready to start forward at the call for them, is beyond all conception. It is utterly inexplicable if one supposes that, in some way, all those images are piled up there inside one's head, in their several pigeon-holes, all handy for the mind's use. It is no less inexplicable if one takes a different view, and supposes that there are not these cellars full of bottled images, but that somehow certain suggestions excite the brain in just the same way as it had been excited before, and thus the old image or thought is created afresh.—*Charles Buxton.*

HER TIME.

BY SYBIL KEIM.

Purple pansy blithely springs
Half way 'twixt the light and shadow
Slightly back from all the rest;
And a hidden linnet sings
Somewhere over in the meadow,
Haply where she builds her nest.

By the wall that southward slopes,
'Mid the roses stands a maiden
Singing low a minsled strain;
All of youth and April hopes,
And of heart's joy overladen—
This was ever its refrain:

Thus she sang with cadence low;
"Broken cross-lights shine and shimmer
On the cypress-shaded stream,
Where the water-lilies blow,
Misty white and gold their glimmer
Like a half-forgotten dream.

"Marguerite, who yester year
Plucked my golden-hearted pansies
Nestled in the plume like grass—
She is gone and I am here;
Voices sounding from the sea,
Waft me backward pleasant fancies
Of the days she now doth pass.

"Nearly o'er is summer heat,
Half the rose is late in blooming;
Over cornfields parched and dry
August goes with flying feet,
Night creeps down with sudden glooming,
Bat-winged shades creep ever nigh.

"While my heart within me burns,
'Patience,' say they, little knowing
How from this dim everglade
My young life to sunshine turns,
Flowers toward the light are turning,
Shall I linger in the shade?

"But my time is coming soon!
Sure 'twill come, luy sweet to-morrow
With no monotone of care;
Crowned with flowers blown in June;
Coming without touch of sorrow,
Wholly glad, and wholly fair!"

Then she ceased and all was still;
Streams of sinking light down shaking,
Trail their jewels to the West,
Tired linnet by the rill
In a slumber all unwaking,
Dreameth of a half-built nest.

* * * * * * *

From the branches rustling down
Autumn's leaves are falling, falling;
Forming many a pattern rare,
Curious tracings, gold and brown.
Blackbirds from the stubble calling,
Sharply cry in frosty air.

And the girl ('tis hard to ask
Such a question) is she coming?
(Far away the church-bells chime;)
Nay, when she had earned her task,
And had finished life's short summing,
She was gone before "her time."

Purple pansy's dead and gone—
Drear the garden—no one in it;
Leaves are rustling wind caressed,
While the cathy days roll on—
In the meadow mourns a linnet
Over a deserted nest.

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

BILLIARDS AND CHAMPAGNE.

In the broad entrance-way of the Continental Hotel people were coming and going almost as thickly as in the street outside. The classes, too, were as varied, except that the female element was utterly absent. There were the hurried traveller, carpet-bag in hand, and only anxious for a room; the lounging man of the town, loudly dressed, and with dissipation stamped on his face; the exquisite, with dapper cane, and stunning tie, and flashing pin from the diamond mines of Paris; the blunt and sturdy merchant; the nimble-tongued salesman, keenly looking for game in the register; the mechanic in his best, out for a holiday; the countryman sight-seeing, with staring eyes and half-open mouth; and his brother of the fields, seeing the elephant under the guidance of his fast city friend; all these and a host of other types of humanity ebbed and flowed the day long, in and out of the broad vestibule of the great caravansary.

In the billiard-room a crowd was assembled, many at the tables, trying their skill at punching about the ivory balls, others seated in chairs at the side, eagerly watching the games, and expressing their pleasure at any unusual stroke or difficult carom achieved.

At one of these tables stood Henry Ogden, with three friends, as appeared from their familiar conversation, deeply engaged in a game, that appeared to be skilfully maintained, by the interest manifested by spectators.

Three plainly-dressed countrymen, who were idling about the room, looking curiously at the various games, and perhaps wondering in their untutored souls how much an hour the hotel proprietors paid these men, for their hard work in amusing the guests, stopped in turn near this table, anxious to see what drew the people to this particular game.

Henry Ogden was a skilful player, and made several long runs, rapidly distancing his competitors.

He was in a jovial mood to-day, and laughed and chatted gayly as the game proceeded. He was in the midst of a successful run as the gaping countrymen stopped to look on. He scored thirty and ended the game.

"Is there any other game you play better than billiards?" he said, laughingly, as he dropped his cue.

"I'll stand treat," said one of the defeated. "I can do that better than I can match your carome."

"No use to roll the balls against Ogden," said another, a flashily-dressed man, with heavy black mustache. "He sleeps on the table, and has every stroke on his fingers' ends."

"Come up here and practice every day for a few years," said the victor, still laughing, "and then I will be ready to take another challenge from you. Get your coats on, boys. This easy work tires me."

"Make the most of your bit of luck," said the other. "It ain't often you get the chance to crow."

"That's stuff, Bill, he could tie one hand and beat you," said Ogden's partner in the game, as they proceeded to resume their coats. "He could always score five to your two. He can discount you fifty and beat you any day."

"Oh, yes; he's death with the cue, and can play thunder with the oar, and can fight the tiger like a prince," said the mustached man, a little hotly. "How much does he pay an hour to his trumpeter? I saw him lose a cool hundred in five minutes, at Brown's, last week."

"I can discount you seventy and beat you," said Ogden, with a touch of spleen. "Take your cue if you dare play the match."

"No, Harry," said the other, laughing. "I don't play any more discount games with you. You discounted me out of as pretty a craft as any of the Schuylkill clubs dare show. I think I'll let up on that."

Ogden slightly flushed up at this remark, and turned hastily away.

"Let that drop now," he said, rather angrily. "As long as you feel sore let us wash it down in whisky straight, and rub out old scores."

"I'm agreeable," replied the other. "I know you are a sound man, Harry, but you did touch me a little close that time, I'll give in."

The countrymen were standing near them, looking at the progress of another game, during this conversation. At the allusion to the boat one of them, a short, slender man, slightly started. This, however, seemed to be from some other cause, as he appeared too much interested in the game before him to heed the speakers.

After a few moments more they left the room, passing the billiard players, who were drinking at the bar, and made their way slowly toward the entrance.

Before they reached this, Ogden and his friends passed them, and proceded them into the street.

The three rural individuals walked down the street a few paces behind them, intently gazing into the shop windows.

At the corner of Eighth street the party of players stopped for a moment, Ogden finally stepping into a car that came up the street, leaving his three companions still on the corner.

The latter proceeded on down the street, keeping together for several squares, after which they parted, and went in different directions. Oddly enough the countrymen found occasion to separate at the same point, and their business seemed to take them in the same directions pursued by the three sporting characters.

The short man went up Fifth street, the man called Bill being but a short distance in advance of him.

He did not appear to have any special business. The store windows and the operations of trade seemed still to attract all his attention. Yet, curiously, when the mustached individual entered a private house several squares up the street, the countryman, on passing it, looked up at the number over the door, and appeared to write it down in a memorandum book which he took from his pocket.

In fact the friends of Henry Ogden appeared to have suddenly excited great interest in the rural districts. A process similar to that we have described was repeated on several subsequent occasions, until the short man had, in his memorandum book, the residences of at least a dozen of this gentleman's intimates.

These persons were next more fully investigated, and their names, modes of livelihood, haunts, and all particulars relating to them, written down opposite the description of their persons and residences. The short man devoted himself particularly to the individual with the black mustache. For this purpose he shed his country attire and expression of face, and came out as a well dressed, dapper gentleman of leisure, caned and gloved, sporting an abundance of jewelry in the shape of rings and pins, and altogether a specimen of the rather fast exquisite.

This person took to visiting the haunts frequented by Mr. William Bristol, the gentleman with the mustache. These were principally drinking-saloons, billiard rooms and faro banks.

The latter class of profitable banking institutions seemed to have an especial attraction for him. He was ready, at any time, to bet heavily on the turn of the cards, and had a remarkable run of luck. Our friend Hiram, for it was he who had become so much interested in this man, was not long in perceiving the secret of his success. His keen eyes soon marked traces of a secret understanding between Mr. Bristol and the dealers, and by the number of strangers that this sporting individual brought at various times into the institution, it became evident to our friend that his real business was that of stool-pigeon for a faro bank.

Mr. Long did not hesitate to justify his presence in the gambling rooms by an occasional bet, though he was sharp enough to be governed by the movements of Mr. Bristol in his wagers, and thus seldom lost.

A speaking acquaintance soon sprung up between them. This was continued in the other localities in which they now frequently met. The sporting gentleman was too keen not to see through the character of his new friend's jewelry, and judge that he was not worth victimizing. He also observed the shrewd and careful manner of his bets, and concluded that this man had his eye-teeth well cut.

It may seem strange, then, that he was willing to waste any of his time on an unproductive stranger. But Hiram was chatty and agreeable, always open for a game of billiards, or a bottle of wine, free with his pocket-book, and thus helped to relieve Mr. Bristol of *ennui* at little expense to himself.

The latter was apt to go a little too far with the bottle, this being one of the few weaknesses of one who generally kept his wits on the alert. Hiram traded a little on this weakness, and on more than one occasion got Mr. Bristol in a rather boozy condition, while himself keeping his own head in its usual level shape.

On one occasion only did he succeed in bringing him to a confidential state of tipsiness. They sat over a small table, garnished with a bottle of wine and two glasses, each, to all appearance, much the worse for the bottles they had already emptied. Hiram himself seemed to be in a confidential mood to-day, and gave his companion a long and fluent history of his past life, whose only redeeming feature was that it was entirely imaginary.

Mr. Bristol, in his turn related some of the incidents in his own life, selected apparently for the purpose of surpassing the discreditable stories of his friend. He succeeded in showing that he had been always a gentleman of adventure, keeping carefully on the right side of the law, yet very closely grazing the borders of legal criminality, and getting far on the wrong side of moral crime.

Yet there was nothing in all this that approached what Hiram wanted, no mention of any connection with Henry Ogden. As a last resort he introduced the name of this person. He did so by telling a somewhat wild story, in which Ogden figured as a principal character.

"Pretty good," said Bristol, slamming his glass on the table. "I know Harry Ogden like a breeze, and that is just like him. He and I have had more than one lark together."

"If there's a bit of sport afloat you won't find him to fly the track."

"Him? Well, I should judge not. He has been a wild youth, has Harry, and here's to his health."

"I can drink that with a tiger," said Hiram, as he emptied his glass. "I always rather fancied Ogden, though he was a trifle too fast for me."

"Fast! Fast is no word for it. You're not short-handed that way yourself, though. You are making a good pace, my boy," and he came down with a heavy slap on the shoulder of his boy.

"Now, you're playing on me," said Hiram, with an affected laugh. "Come, Bill, the bottle is growing fast there."

"Blast it, man, I ain't a sponge, made to soak up champagne. I'll go another to my crony, Harry, though," and he filled his glass and tossed it off at a breath.

"He is one of your special friends, then?"

"Yes. He played it on me a bit, here lately. But I forgive him. I'd have served him the same trick if I'd held the trump cards."

"How was it, Bill? I'm ripe for a good story. I know Ogden is always up for fun."

"Fun be blowed! There was earnest in it. But it's over now, and I guess I'm more than even with him, take all things together."

"Well, peg away. Fill up first, though. Let us see the bottom of this, and have up another bottle."

"I'll say this for Wilkins, he always keeps a good brand," said Bill, in a thick-ened voice. "About that story, there's none to tell. He done me out of as pretty a skiff as ever touched water. Put up the cards on me, blast him."

Hiram leaned back in his chair, and indulged in a loud laugh that seemed hardly to his companion's taste.

"Harry Ogden, right up to the nick!" he cried. "He has done the same thing on me. Never mind, my boy, they laugh best that laugh last."

"I'll have my laugh, you can bet your blasted buttons on that," cried Bill, heavily striking the table, and evidently looking in a less placable light at the trick played on him than he had before done.

"Oh, a boat is a trifle, not worth falling out with a friend for."

"You never saw a prettier bit of wood and iron. And I'd lay it against any sailing craft on the river to make headway in the teeth of a stiff breeze."

"I thought faro was your weakness, Bill. I did not know that you ever ventured your pile on a sail."

"I would have gone a cool thousand on Speedy, and you might have raked the river for a skiff to lay out against her."

"Your own building?"

"I ain't a boat-builder, crony. I did lay her out, though, and had her built to order. I know what makes a boat, and if anybody can show me a prettier outwater and a sweeter and cleaner run aft, I'll eat my hat."

"The Speedy, eh! A good name, I'd like to see her. How is a man to know her? Any figurehead?"

"No, she's as clean from stem to stern as a whistle. You'll have to tell her by her shape. You never saw a woman that could travel better on figure."

"Good for you," cried Hiram with a laugh. "I must get Ogden to let me have a run in her. Where does he keep her?"

"At a little private arrangement he's got up the river. Didn't you never hear of the Hearty boat club, my lad? Harry used to be captain, but he slid out, and takes the tiller on his own hook now. And with my boat too, that's the sweet part to swallow for a man who bets high on his eyesight."

"Here's to the captain of the Hearties," said Hiram, emptying his glass.

"That's your humble servant now," said Bill, getting to his feet, and making a tipsy effort at a bow. "I run that club now, and I'm going to lay out plans for a skiff that will leave the Speedy in the lurch. It's hard to do, but brains will fetch it."

"By the way, where is Harry's place?"

"Ask him and find out. Blame me if I know or care. Up at his new headquarters I suppose. The fellow that carved old Ogden let him into a big thing there, and no mistake."

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISION.

Marie Dubois was living a very quiet life with her friend, Mrs. Hamilton. Outwardly quiet, at least, whatever inward excitement may have possessed her.

The scene of the trial had proved the most painful and exhausting ordeal to which she had ever been subjected. The assemblage of serious judges, stern-faced or indifferent jurors, eager spectators, whose whispered remarks were far from alleviating to her wrought-up feelings, and the solitary prisoner, on whose pale face no eyes seemed to turn in compassionate glance, affected her most unpleasantly.

The atmosphere was a depressing one, and hope died out of her heart long before she was summoned to the witness-stand. There she dared not turn her eyes in the direction of the prisoner, lest she should break down utterly.

It was with great difficulty she nerved herself to the delivery of her evidence, and the very circumstances that braced up her lover with the desperate effort to escape, depressed her so greatly that Mrs. Hamilton was obliged to take her from the court, almost in a fainting condition from the emotion of despair that had taken utter possession of her.

The tidings of the daring and successful effort to escape, the offer of reward for his arrest, the newspaper comments on his hardened character, their positive assurance that he would soon be recaptured, the passage of days and weeks, and the police still at fault; all this was like the pages of a terrible and thrilling romance to the maiden.

It lifted her from the despairing mood into which she had fallen, too many new emotions springing up in her mind for its deep prostration of hope to remain long present there.

Admiration at his exploit, a thrilling sensation of dread at its daring character, indignation at the papers, fear that their confident predictions would be realized, and finally, as time went on and he remained at large, hope of his ultimate escape, in turn possessed her.

She was excited to a degree that brought back the color to her cheeks and the animation to her voice, and Mrs. Hamilton found her a much more agreeable companion than she had proved in her former mood.

Her determined partisanship of her lover was at first a little distasteful to this good lady, who had, like many others through the city, formed an opinion on very partial data, and who believed Robert Merivale to be the murderer.

But it was impossible to escape the contagion of this warm-hearted advocate, and Mrs. Hamilton ended by taking fully her view of the case.

That this bold setting at defiance the whole authorities of the city would excite the police force to their utmost efforts, she could not but believe, and it seemed to her that the fugitive could not long retain the liberty so daringly won.

This opinion was strongly shared by her hostess, and the great necessity of procuring additional evidence in his favor during this fortunate interval, impressed itself on both their minds.

It was, then, a source of disquiet to Marie that she could do so little, could do nothing, indeed, as it at present seemed to her. It was irksome to be forced to leave the whole process of search in the hands of hired officers, when her love impelled her to the most extreme efforts in his behalf.

She was aware of what the detectives had done and were doing, and was hopeful of a successful result from their efforts.

Mr. Blackstone well knew her vital interest in the case, and kept her fully informed of these efforts, under promise of secrecy on her part. The lawyer pitied her and could not bear to keep from her the steps of an investigation which seemed to him hopeful of eventual success, although he shared, in a measure, the masculine doubt of feminine powers of secrecy.

This awakening into a state of hopefulness and nervous excitement, naturally revived the thoughts she had formerly entertained, and had expressed to her lover in her first visit to his cell.

Her feeling of distrust of Henry Ogden deepened as time went on. She disliked him so thoroughly as to incline to injustice to him in her mind, and the weakly-founded suspicion of his guilt she had allowed herself to entertain needed no new facts to give it strength. It was in soil that supplied of itself the food for its ripening, without need of any exterior nutriment.

The determination she had expressed to her lover, grew, then, the stronger the more she considered it. Who could tell but that her feeble efforts might prove more efficacious than all the astute schemes of the detectives. However unpleasant it might prove to herself to play the false part she had determined on, yet when the life of the innocent and the escape of the guilty were the stakes, the sense of duty compelled her to that from which her whole nature would have shrunk dismayed under any less pressing circumstances.

He had visited her very little since the rebuff she had formerly given. A full month passed after the trial, during which she did not see him at all.

It was said that he spent much less time at Glendale than he had done at first, but made frequent visits to the city, and was often absent for days at a time.

It was a morning in early October when she next saw him. The leaves were just putting on their livery of autumn glory, the maples in particular, commencing to glow in the gold and crimson of their annual triumph.

She was taking a wonted walk up a narrow glen that led from Mrs. Hamilton's residence for some distance back into the country, its sides well garnished with trees, while a clear, pebbled stream ran prattling down its centre.

At this season it formed a charming walk. The air had lost its torrid summer fervor, the trees were so charming in their variegated attire, the sun shone so brightly, and the prattle of the stream seemed so full of music, that her heart leaped responsive to the influences with which nature thus surrounded her, and a gush of gladness filled her soul to which it had been for months a stranger.

This feeling was suddenly put to flight by the approach of a form that came rapidly down the glen toward her.

It was Henry Ogden, walking with a hasty pace, natural to him, and smiling as he approached as if in joy to meet her.

"I am very happy to find you here," he said, not noticing the expression which she strove to keep from her face, but with only partial success. "It has been an age since we met, and I was on my way to Mrs. Hamilton's to see you. But this is certainly a much more agreeable spot for an October chat, than shut within four walls, and forced into the conventionalities of sofa and chairs."

"Very taking conventionalities with tired people," she forced herself to reply. He had met her when in a happy mood to put her scheme into execution. "I hope, sir, you are not going to advise a return to the primitive condition of affairs, and set your face against the modern luxuries of houses and furniture?"

"They are not without their uses, I will grant that," he replied, laughingly. "Yet I am somewhat a devotee of sunshine and fresh air. There is room to breathe here, and it seems to me that thought has much better room to expand in a scene like this, than in any house that ever was built."

"I will not oppose you in that," she replied, as they slowly walked up the glen together. "I am too deeply in love with nature to object to any views in favor of her influences. In fact, I was just lost in solitary enjoyment of this scene when you made your appearance."

"May I hope that my appearance did not add any discordant element to the scene, but that it rounded off and completed that which was imperfect in its former state?"

"I will neither flatter you nor disparage you," she replied, "neither forbid you to hope, nor accept the egotistical view you would take of the matter."

"Now you are going to treat my poor self-praise cruelly, Miss Dubois."

"Self-praise should always be treated cruelly," she replied. "I will not do you the discredit, however, to call it by any such title. Were you not reaching out for a compliment? Now confess."

"I certainly did not obtain any," he answered, laughing. "I will have to lay my plans for compliments more skilfully if I have you to deal with."

They walked for some distance up the glen, thus conversing, Marie surprised at herself to find how fully she had succeeded in concealing her real feelings from the man who walked beside her.

Near where it made a slight turn, following the devious course of the stream, they passed a rough, black-bearded person, who came slowly down the path they were pursuing.

He was dressed in a sailor costume, that looked as if it had braved the storms of a dozen voyages, while his jet-black hair was covered by a fragmentary felt hat, and the part of his face not covered by its bushy beard was embrowned as with the suns of summers on the Spanish main.

As they passed, he looked keenly into their faces. Mr. Ogden rather sternly returned the staring glance. Marie, on the contrary, bent her eyes away in some confusion. Yet they had not gone a dozen steps before, by some impulse, she turned and looked back over her shoulder. What was her surprise to see the man, who was standing and looking after them, lift with one hand his bushy beard, revealing the face best known to her of all in the world, the dearly remembered features of Robert Merivale. The next moment the beard was replaced, and she saw only the wandering sailor.

CHAPTER XVII.

A COMMISSION EXECUTED.

But we must follow the adventures of the fugitive, who had set all the ruling powers of the city at defiance, and in search of whom the police were utterly at fault. Yet his mode of concealment had been very simple.

The cab in which he had escaped had driven up Second street to Brown, turning up the latter street. At Fourth and Brown

it stopped and he got out, the vehicle driving back again to its stand. He walked quickly up Fourth street, turning in a few minutes into a smaller street that crossed it. Here he proceeded more leisurely for some distance.

He finally stopped and waited somewhat impatiently, as if for the approach of some expected person. He had not long to wait. After two or three minutes a man turned into the street, walking rapidly, and advanced straight toward him.

"Come, gossip," he said, "we must git for our hole. You broke ground clever, I'll say that. The police are all wild."

"I don't wonder," briefly replied Merivale. "I am as much surprised myself as they can be at my success in a dangerous attempt."

"I knew you'd do it. I seed it in your face. Here's the spot now, let's make cover."

He had stopped before a plain, three-storied brick house, with the word "Boarding" printed on a tin sign on the shutter.

It was the house in which Dusky Sol resided, under the assumed name of Mr. Williams.

Looking round before he approached the house, he quickly removed the large beard he had worn and put it in his pocket.

"Mind, gossip, you've been sick as blazes," he said. "You're my cousin, and I'm bringing you in from the country, where I can see after you."

He rung the door bell as he spoke. The landlady opened the door, a plain, middle-aged, expressionless woman, one certainly not likely to see far through a millstone.

"Back agin, Mrs. Jones," said her boarder. "I s'pose you've got the room ready as I told you about."

"Oh, yes, sir! It's all ready. And is this gentleman your sick cousin?"

"Exactly. He's bin a bit under the weather, and I'm afeard this trip's a-going to be too much for him. How do you feel now?" he continued, addressing Merivale.

"Very weak," the latter replied, in a feeble tone. "Can I go at once to my room, Mrs. Jones? I have been, as Mr. Williams says, under a cloud, and am rather exhausted by my journey."

"Why, certainly, sir," she cheerfully replied. "Come right up-stairs. You can take him up, Mr. Williams. It's the room next yours. Shan't I get you something ready to eat, Mr. — —?"

"Everly," was the reply. "I am obliged, Mrs. Jones, but will not trouble you just now."

"Some toast and tea, sir. You want something strengthening, I know."

"I have no appetite at all," he answered. "My ride has quite taken it away."

"You want some tea, anyhow. There's no strengthener like a cup of strong tea. And warm toast goes nicely with tea."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, if it must be so, I will not object any longer."

"That's right, Mr. Everly," she replied, delighted. "I know it will cheer you up and give you some strength. Will you take him to his room, Mr. Williams?"

"Sartainly, ma'am," said the person addressed, leading the way up-stairs, followed by Merivale with a slow and feeble step.

"Darned thin that," growled the tramp, when out of hearing of the landlady. "A new broom sweeps mighty clean. Jist wait awhile, gossip, and you'll have to beg for your tea and toast."

"She seems to be a kind-hearted woman."

"Well, mebbe she is. But worked to death, trying to squeeze a living out of her boarders, and darned tight squeezing it is. Here's the room."

He opened the door of a small, plainly-furnished room in the third story, adjoining his own. It was rather larger than the room he occupied, and fronted on the street, while his looked on the yard.

"It's kind of lucky that Mrs. Jones got this room empty jest in time. She had three men in it, but they all left sudden last week."

"I think I can be comfortable here."

"It's all right as long as the ready turns up. We're good paying boarders, d'ye see, and kin afford our own rooms. She's got some of her boarders strong like onions."

In a few moments the tea and toast made its appearance, accompanied by a poached egg, which she declared was just what he wanted to give him strength.

It was certainly much more appetizing than the fare which he had been subjected to for the last few months, and he enjoyed it with a keen relish.

The next morning Mr. Williams reported that his cousin was quite under the weather again. His journey of the day before had been too much for him, and if Mrs. Jones would send up his breakfast to his room it would be a great accommodation.

Certainly, Mrs. Jones would do it. The landlady was a kindly-hearted person naturally, and besides her two third-story boarders paid well for their rooms, and she felt encouraged to favor them to the utmost.

Mr. Everly managed to get down stairs to his dinner, after the other boarders had gone. But the effort appeared to be exhausting, and Mrs. Jones insisted that he should not attempt to come down again till he felt stronger. She would willingly send all his meals to his room.

This weakness seemed to cling to him. Mr. Williams declared that he couldn't understand why he didn't get stronger, and begged him in the landlady's presence to try and exert himself. It would do him good to knock aroond a little, instead of lying about his room, and taking medicine.

"All very well for a strong man like you to talk," said Mrs. Jones, indignantly. "Leave poor Mr. Everly alone. Can't you see he's just as weak as a child. It's no trouble at all to me to send up his meals, and I know he'll be all right soon if he takes good care of himself."

She went down-stairs with a serious face, saying to herself—

"Poor fellow! I doubt if he'll ever leave that room. It looks to me like a clear case of consumption."

He certainly did not leave his room for a month. During all this time he was a myth to the other boarders of the house, who only knew of him from the landlady's descriptions.

Yet despite this outward tranquillity there was an unseen inward disturbance. He felt that he was losing valuable time, that some unlucky accident might consign him again to the hands of the police, and that it was of pressing importance that he should be prosecuting the search for the thief of his diamond, on which, in his opinion, so much depended.

This object he kept closely to himself, revealing none of his plans and intentions to his companion in hiding. He was by no means drawn to this Mr. Williams, but felt a constant distrust of him that hindered the slightest approach to confidence. The man was essentially vulgar, and displayed in his habits and mode of talk acquaintance with much lower conditions of life than that in which he now figured. He managed to somewhat hide this, in his general intercourse with the household, by taciturnity, and great care in his deportment, but in his own room and before Merivale he relaxed sufficiently to show partly in his true colors.

The fact of his connection with the plan of the escape, in which he was apparently the leading spirit, proved to Merivale that he was now sailing under false colors, and possibly, like himself, in concealment. He certainly must be in rapport with the dangerous classes.

The man was naturally secret, and during all the intercourse of the two fugitives, he dropped no hint that would show him to be other than he now appeared, or that he was acting under an assumed name. He also kept the name of his employer in the plan of escape a close secret, although his companion made several efforts to discover it.

So it happened that Merivale resided in companionship with Dusky Sol for a month, without a suspicion that this was the man whom he was so anxious to discover, while the latter did not dream that himself was the ultimate object of his companion's escape.

Henry Ogden made no appearance at the house during this month. He had already made full provision for the stay of the fugitives, and had no thought of letting Merivale discover who it was that had assisted him.

He even affected to be strongly incensed at the police force for permitting the prisoner to escape, and made several visits to the headquarters of the detective fraternity, in which he appeared to be very indignant at their lack of skill and success.

The murderer of his uncle, he said, was at large, had set them all at defiance, and this whole body of men, who boasted of their ability to discover criminals, were set at fault by a single fugitive, who could not be specially capable at concealment. He was half inclined to enter into the search himself, and was sure that he could do better than any of them had done.

This sharp language naturally brought as sharp replies, and there were several scenes of brisk recrimination between himself and some of the officers. In all this he appeared moved by an intense feeling of regret for, and desire to revenge his uncle, and seemed in full earnest when he declared that he would himself take part in the search.

Nor was this seeming only. It was his real purpose. Whatever his moving object had been in planning the flight of the accused, a change had come over his mind, and his intentions now were to deliver him back to the hands of the law.

One reason of this purpose was his knowledge that at any moment the police themselves might discover him. Immunity from apparent danger makes most men reckless. This man had kept very close for a month. The chances were that he would not do so much longer. He would probably be venturing out into the streets, under cover of the night, and by impunity would grow more and more venturesome, till he would be sure to fall eventually into the hands of those who were on the lookout for him.

Mr. Ogden, in aiding him to escape, had no expectation of any other result than this. So many astute criminals had been captured, at various times, through sheer temerity, that there appeared little chance of this man, who was certainly not posted in all the tricks of the trade, eventually avoiding the sharp eyes in search of him.

His secret confederate had, moreover, a reason of his own for wishing to remand him to the hands of the law. The purpose for which he procured his escape was, in his view, fully accomplished, and he determined to so lead the pursuit as to put the officers on the track of the fugitive, while making it appear that his own shrewdness, and earnest desire to aid the course of justice, were of more value than that of the whole detective force.

But there is such a thing as reckoning without your host. It may be easy to break through the dam of a mill stream and set the waters at liberty. It is not so easy to again imprison them.

Merivale had, of course, no reason to suspect this fresh element of danger arising against himself, but he was getting weary of this enforced idleness, and had objects in view that would possibly set the scheme of his uncertain friend at fault.

Dusky Sol was yet to be found, the theft of the diamond traced, and the whole mystery, which bore so heavily upon himself, to be shifted to the right shoulders.

He did, as Henry Ogden had argued to himself, venture out of the house several times, under cover of the night.

As a consequence of one of these excursions, Will Graham received one morning a letter to the following effect:

"DEAR WILL—I suppose you are all wondering what has become of me. I am still safe, and intend to remain so until I can discover the party who is really concerned in this murder. I am strongly in hope of being able to do so. I want you to go to my sister, and procure from her a masquerade costume, which she will find in the bottom of my trunk. It is the sailor's suit, you will recollect, that I wore on a certain lively occasion. Bring this for me to the Hermitage. I am in hiding yet, but my purpose will take me out into the streets, and I can only venture out in disguise. Don't fail. Meet me there at ten to-morrow night. Alone, mind you, and be very sure that you are not followed. Show this to my sister, then burn it immediately. It is a dangerous paper to leave in existence.

"Your friend, in hiding,
"R. M."

This epistle proved a source of great relief to Will, and also to Mrs. Thornton, to whom he hastened to show it. They had both been nervously anxious about the disappearance of the friend and brother. His marvellous escape, and the utter loss of all trace of him since that momentous occasion, had naturally excited them highly. This excitement had at first been largely coupled with fear of a speedy re-arrest, and of an adverse result to himself from this bold movement.

As time went on and his hiding-place remained undiscovered, this fear gradually ceased. It was followed by a dread of another character in the anxious mind of his sister. Some misfortune may have happened to him. He may have been foully dealt with by the desperate men who had, for some reason, aided his escape. She could not perceive how, otherwise, he could avoid recognition by the eyes of thousands in the city who would be on the lookout for him.

Will Graham did not share this view with her. He had tried to convince her of its great improbability, and of the skill of her brother in disguising himself, and changing his whole appearance and manner.

But an anxious and interested woman is not so easily convinced. His efforts had been of very little avail. It was, therefore, with a feeling of triumph that he displayed to her the letter, so full of proof of the safety and shrewdness of the fugitive.

He obeyed the directions of his friend, burning the epistle as soon as it was read by Mrs. Thornton. She hastened gladly to obtain the disguise, but not in the place directed by her brother.

She had, acting under the advice of Will Graham, removed all evidence of indulgence in masquerade habits from her brother's room immediately after his escape.

This advice was given under apprehension of an early and thorough search of his effects, by the authorities, with the hope of finding something that would give them a clue to his biding-place. Will argued that the possession of such disguises might tell against him in case of a re-arrest, and in any case would instruct the officers concerning his facility in changing his appearance.

This search was really made, and was of the most exhausting character. But Mrs. Thornton had made her search in advance, had removed everything that she deemed even remotely suspicious, and the officials had no result from their keen investigation.

One of her brother's desires Mrs. Thornton insisted on disobeying. She was determined to go with Will, and to see him, if only for a few moments. This resolution, in its turn, he skilfully combatted, but unsuccessfully. She admitted all his premises but clung to her own conclusion. There could be no harm in it—she only wanted to set eyes on him for a moment, to hear his voice, and be sure that he was indeed well and in good hopes.

It amounted simply to this—the woman was bent on having her way, and the man gave in, as men often will where there is a woman in the question, to their own undoing or that of their well-laid plans.

But the sister was not without her share of the brother's caution. Will, with his usual haste, would have carried the bundle under his arm openly out of the front-door, and would have called for her in the same open manner.

"That will never do, Will Graham," she exclaimed. "This is a suspected house. The officers may be calculating on his visiting here, and may have a trap set to catch him. From some things Betsy has seen, I believe the house is all the time under espionage. You know that there is a considerable reward offered, and no effort will be spared to obtain it."

"That is true enough," he replied. "I had better then go out by the back way, and so cheat the spy out of his game."

"That would never do," she replied. "They doubtless know of your visit here. Your failure to re-appear would at once arouse suspicion. Your house would be watched, and you followed."

"What am I to do then?" he asked, in perplexity. "If I can't go out either front or back, and as the chimney is not in a passable condition, it looks as if I were doomed to stay where I am."

"By no means. I can stand a good deal of you, Will, but don't want you as a permanent piece of furniture. Go out openly by the front door, as you entered."

"By the front-door be it then—though just now I was on no condition to attempt the front way out."

He picked up the bundle with a comic look, and made for the door.

"Don't take that, Will."

"I haven't the least intention of taking it, my dear Lizzie Thornton, but I would like to take a trifle more of your plan, if you have no objection."

"My plan is this. You are to go out, as you entered, empty-handed. While the spy is amused in watching your exit, Betsy will slip out by the back entrance, with the parcel. Seeing you walking innocently along, they will not follow you, or not far, but continue their regards to the house. Betsy then can meet you at some distance and give you the parcel."

"Good for you. You have more wit than I have, if I do belong to the noble masculine gender. You shall go with me to see Robert. I think I can trust you better than myself."

"Your plans will certainly come to no harm from my presence. At what time to-night will you start?"

"About eight. That will bring us to the Hermitage in good time."

"Then do not come here for me. I will meet you at your own house, and start with you from there."

"Very good. I see there is one woman smarter than one man in the world. Get Betsy ready, then, to exit by the back-door as I make my debut into out-of-doors by the front. A longer interview between a good looking bachelor and a charming widow, might become suspicious on other grounds."

She left the room with a merry laugh. Will Graham was too old a friend not to have full privilege to assurance and familiarity—and the handsome widow was by no means impervious to compliment.

The plan was carried out successfully. Will obtained his parcel without any suspicion being aroused, and had only now to make preparations for their projected ride.

He obtained a light carriage from a livery-stable, with orders to be at his door by eight o'clock that evening. He needed no driver, but would handle the reins himself. This was satisfactory to the stable-keeper, who well knew him.

The carriage was on hand in good time, and punctually at the hour Mrs. Thornton appeared, attired for the ride.

This was the only weak feature, so far, in the arrangement. She had, unknown to herself, been observed and followed, her errand after dark been suspected by the spy.

They entered the carriage without being aware that keen eyes were upon them, that the placing of the parcel under the seat had been closely noted, or that the well-dressed personage who passed the carriage had a special object in his careless observation.

Mrs. Thornton thought, on catching a glimpse of his face, that he resembled Mrs. Brown's invalid boarder, who had lately taken a front room in the house opposite hers, and who was very seldom able to leave his room, on account of the severe ailments with which he was afflicted.

Will, impatient of any delay, drove off the instant he had placed his fair companion in the carriage, giving no opportunity for any one to obtain a conveyance and follow him, if any such purpose was entertained.

The person who had just passed turned and addressed the livery-stable hand who had brought the carriage.

"Rather late at night for a handsome couple to start out," he said.

"I dunno," replied the other. "Nothing out of the way in it, I guess."

"I imagine not. I know Mr. Graham to be a very honorable man. They are off up Broad street, I suppose, from the direction."

"I dunno. A party, or a wedding, or something of the sort, I guess. Mr. Graham wouldn't be out with a kerridge this late if there weren't something up. But he never says where he's going. He always comes back right. That's all we ask."

The questioner was all in the dark from these answers. He had been given the slip, and, as he feared, at an important time.

He tried the stable-keeper, giving an imaginary reason for his question, but with the same result. No one knew Mr. Graham's destination.

But one thing remained to do. He had plainly been given the slip in this errand. But by learning whither they had driven, some point of rendezvous might be discovered. This was a forlorn hope. The livery-stable carriages were well known at the various inns on the routes of pleasure travel, and if any of these had been touched at, some information concerning the purpose of this drive might possibly be obtained. Otherwise there was little hope.

Meanwhile Will Graham and his fair companion were making good time toward their destination. The Hermitage, the place at which this important meeting was to take place, was indeed an inn, a place of resort for the carriage-keeping population, to the north of the city. The carriage would certainly be known there, and the hopes of the man who was so deeply interested in their movements were likely to be realized, at least in a degree.

It was half an hour in advance of the time fixed upon when the vehicle was pulled up at the door of the road-side inn known by the above name.

Will had been cautioned by his companion not to mention his having any purpose in view, and in particular not to ask for any one.

Her brother was known here, and would probably be very wary about exposing himself to observation. They had better wait developments, and allow him to take his own time and way of making himself known to them.

They left the carriage, giving the horses into the hands of the attendants, and entered the waiting-room of the hotel. There was no trace of the fugitive visible. To while away the time and avert suspicion, Will ordered refreshments. The hour of ten sounded by the time they had fully discussed these. There was no sign, however, of the person who had desired to meet them here, and they both grew rather uneasy at the delay.

He at length proposed a short stroll on the grassy level in front of the house, hoping that their friend might meet them outside.

They passed the corner of the house, and went on, a dark, wooded hill-side to their right, the flashing waters of a stream at their left.

Suddenly, from the shelter of these trees, and very close to them, a peculiar whistle, well known to Will, met their ears. He returned it at once, and the next moment the leaves were thrust aside, and a manly form leaped lightly into the road.

"Will Graham!" he cried, clasping his friend in his arms with a fervent embrace. "But I told you to come alone, Will," he continued, shrinking back, and looking distrustfully on the form of the lady, indistinguishable in the darkness.

"To be sure you did, and so he would if I had let him," she cried, springing forward, and throwing her arms warmly round her brother's neck, laughing and crying at the same time, from the force of her emotions.

With a glad cry of welcome he returned her embrace. For a few moments they continued too full of the outflow of feeling for words.

At the end of this time the fugitive warily led them farther away from the hotel, and entered into conversation with them.

He briefly told them the story of his escape and mode of concealment, but declined speaking as to his plans for the future. He declared, indeed, that he had no fixed plans formed, but would keep them advised, from time to time, concerning his movements.

He questioned them more minutely concerning what had passed since his escape, and expressed pleasure at the shrewdness of his sister in concealing his disguises. He was also strongly interested on learning of the espionage to which they imagined that his sister's house was subjected.

"And now, Will, this is dangerous ground for me. Bring me the parcel and I will be off from this locality. Once let me transform myself, and I will not fear their eyes. You had better drive back at once. A longer stay at the Hermitage without any ostensible object, may direct suspicion to this quarter. Your relations with me are well-known, and your presence here with my sister, at this late hour, may be deemed suspicious. Try and get the parcel from the carriage without being observed."

After a parting embrace they separated, Will leading Mrs. Thornton to the carriage, and managing to extract the parcel while placing her in it. Affecting to have dropped his glove down the road, he returned and handed his burden to the expectant fugitive. With a fervent hand grasp for his friend, the latter seized the precious treasure, and disappeared in the woods. In five minutes more the carriage, with its two occupants, was driving back to the city.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 52.)

☞ The Canadian department of the Vienna Exposition consists of two bottles of tanners' oil.

☞ An exchange suggests a new use for corner loafers—which is to stand in the post-office and stick out their tongues to lick postage stamps for the people.

☞ Of the 35,170 294 passengers carried over the railroads in Pennsylvania last year, only 33 were killed—less than one in a million.

☞ A marked bottle, thrown into the river at Niagara Falls, July 13, safely made the passage of Lake Ontario, and was picked up in Clement's Bay, July 31.

☞ A boy who was struck by lightning in England, described the sensation as if he had been struck on the back of the head with a number of pellets, and said he had a tingling all over the body.

☞ An English gentleman of eighty-two has received the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for making the first plunge into the waves to rescue a little child that was drowning in the sea.

☞ In Switzerland recently, a house, in which the family was engaged in worship, was struck by lightning, and the mother was thrown into her husband's arms—dead.

☞ The Edinburgh Daily Review records an amusing conversation which took place in the galleries of the Free Church Assembly one day lately: Young Lady—"There's old Dr. A—— going to speak. Isn't he a bore?" Old Lady (laughing)—"Well I suppose he is; but do you know I rather like him?' Young Lady—"I can't bear him." Old Lady (after some time)—"Who is that nice old gentleman speaking?" Young Lady—"Ah, that's Mr. B——, of C——." Old Lady (hesitatingly)—"Don't you think he is—rather prosy?" Young Lady (indignantly)—"No, indeed, I do not. Allow me to inform you that that is my father." Old Lady—"Oh, indeed. Then I am glad that I hit the mark so gently, because 'Old Dr. A——' is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear; don't you think so?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Five women have applied for seats in the Graphic balloon.

☞ A child, named Anna Stone, seven years old, has been proved, in London, England, to have forged a letter and procured £5 thereby.

☞ A fascinating young lady, at one of the resorts, on being asked recently if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head with the answer, "Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

☞ An Indianapolis policeman was considerably embarrassed, the other day, when circumstances over which he had no control compelled him to arrest his mother-in-law.

☞ The Reedsburg (Wisconsin) Free Press employs women exclusively. It says: "We have a "calico" foreman, two dimity "compositors," and the sweetest little "devil" in pink muslin to be found anywhere.

☞ Emma Black, living in a small town on the Mississippi, saved a man's life the other day in a curious way. He was fishing and tumbled out of his boat, and being unable to swim would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four feet in length, towed him to the land.

☞ Nine fishermen at Sandwich, Mich., who gathered in the custom-house to get out of the rain, were all struck by lightning and knocked senseless.

☞ A rejected suitor in Dubuque nailed up the doors of the church in which she was to be married to the other fellow, but he was promptly arrested and "soused" in the river.

☞ An observant lady says she was never so much inclined to laugh in church as on a recent Sunday, when, walking down the broad aisles after service, she saw that every woman ahead of her was using her left hand in arranging that portion of her dress adorning her back, and before she was aware of it found herself similarly employed.

☞ A Nebraska man who beat his wife with a harness tug was soundly flogged by fourteen women, a crowd of men standing by to see fair play.

☞ The son of Charles Dexter, of Springfield, Massachusetts, is attempting to starve himself to death. For three or four weeks he has eaten almost nothing, and now his teeth cannot be forced open to get food into his mouth. His physicians agree that he is near death, but differ as to the cause of his strange conduct. The whole affair is most mysterious; but it seems probable that the youth is insane.

☞ Once a careless man went to the cellar and stuck the candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low; nearer and nearer it got to the black sand; nearer and nearer, until at last the blaze reached the black sand, and, as it was nothing else but black sand, nothing happened.

☞ A little nine-year-old boy in Reading, Pennsylvania, whose mother had refused to take him with her to visit a friend's house, seventeen miles distant, was so mad about it that he started out and walked the whole distance, accomplishing it in seven hours.

☞ A reporter on a Norwich, New York, paper doesn't think it's much of a day for items when he cannot go a little out of the village and interview a couple who have twenty-one children, eighteen of whom are full grown young men and women. Three girls and boys still remain to cheer a home that has been nearly desolated by marriage.

☞ To have one's chin scraped in a "Sociological Hair-Dressing Room," or one's locks clipped in a "Gents' Beautifying Barber Shop," is a privilege only enjoyed by male Bangorians.

☞ A Florida paper has ascertained that a healthy alligator can eat seven negro children in one forenoon, and not display any symptoms of disquiet.

☞ The editor of the Hartford Churchman announces that his paper will be suspended for three weeks, in order to give himself a recreation.

☞ The father and mother of the girl and boy who went over Niagara Falls some time since have settled at Youngstown, New York, that they may be near the burial-place of their unfortunate children.

☞ The last novelty in college degrees is M. E. L., conferred by a ladies' college in New Jersey. It signifies "Mistress of English Literature."

☞ A child two years old was lately found at Mount Vernon, Ind., trying to awaken his parents, both of whom had died of cholera.

☞ Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill and then cure him.

☞ A woman of Mont Clare, Pa., 83 years old, lately walked seven miles in two hours and a half.

☞ A Cairo man, in good health, went to bed, called in five doctors, and they said it was fever, cholera, congestion, dropsy and consumption. He had his laugh.

☞ Spoiled figs and carpenter's glue are the principal constituents of a new sensation in the way of sweetmeats sold as "royal jam" by the London grocers.

☞ A man who was discovered asleep among a lot of tombstones in a stonecutter's yard in Binghamton, said, on being awakened, that he had come in to buy a monument for himself, and having picked out one, made up his mind he would try it one night before purchasing.

☞ The Bangor Commercial says:—"We give it up. The salary grabbers are all right. Not one of them has yet been struck by lightning; not one of them has been killed by a tornado or steamboat explosion; not one of them has fallen into the river and been drowned; not one of them has had the cholera or smallpox; not one of them has been bitten by a mad dog or a rattlesnake, and not one of them has starved to death. Heaven, indeed, seems to smile on their deed."

☞ The half-brother of the King of Sweden has been arrested in New York on a charge of smuggling kid gloves.

☞ A Green Bay man called a young lady his "precious, darling little honey-dew of a blooming rosebud," and then stood a breach-of-promise suit before he would marry her.

☞ A man in Hampden, Me., was paralyzed fourteen months ago, and has neither moved nor spoken since. He can control one arm only.

☞ A Titusville young man thought he could not furnish hair oil for the whole house, and so put a quantity of sulphuric acid in the bottle. A hired girl was seen around inquiring the price of false hair.

☞ Amido-mono-chloro-benzensulphonic acid has been discovered. It is very powerful even in minute quantities, but they have to keep it in big jugs, so they can get the label on.

☞ An Indianapolis elder so closely resembles Barnum that he never buys tickets for his family when they go to the show with him.

THE PYGMIES.

Recent explorations have proximately solved the great problem of the sources of the Nile, that has perplexed travellers, historians and men of science from the earliest day. The story that the registrar of Minerva's treasury at Sais told to Herodotus, though falsified in its details, is shown to have had a germ of truth, and his narrative comes as near to the ascertained facts as the more pretentious and scientific statements following to this century. The same book of Herodotus that held these intimations touching the remotenese of the Nilotic fountains, holds a statement made to Herodotus by certain Cyrenæans, who said that they were told by Etearchus, King of the Ammonians, that some Nasamonians told him that men of their country visited Libya, and returning, asserted that they tried to explore the desert.

Having passed the inhabited country the explorers said they came to the region infested by wild beasts; then crossed the desert toward the west, and when they had traversed much sandy ground saw the trees growing in a plain. They approached to gather the fruit that grew on the trees; "and while they were gathering, some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature, came up, and having seized them, carried them away; and that the Nasamonians did not at all understand their language, nor those who carried them off the language of the Nasamonians. However, they conducted them through vast morasses, and when they had passed these they came to a city, in which all of the inhabitants were of the same size as their conductors, and black in color; and by the city flowed a great river running from the west to the east, and that crocodiles were seen in it."

So much for Father Herodotus—B. C. 460. The diminutive race—the pygmies whom the Nasamonians saw and described so circuitously; whom, in differing degrees of stature and varieties of color, Juvenal pictured as engaged in relentless war with the cranes and Virgil after; whom Swift employed to populate his wonderful kingdom of Lilliput, and whose possible being has been such a point of literary, scientific and curious war, are now said to have been correctly reported and to be still extant. Egypt has fallen, and Carthage and Rome and many empires more; races have risen and passed, but insignificance has protected itself against the ferocious crane and hungry gorilla, and now figures as the Acca nation. Dr. Schweinfurth saw one of them at the court of Munsa, King of the Mombuttu, on the upper Nile.

He says "one morning the camp rung with a joyous shout as my people brought in a curious, timid little man, the palpable embodiment of myths which have been current for ever so long." The pygmy was measured and sat for his portrait. He said he was the head of a family, living half an hour's journey from Munsa's capital; that his tribe is called Acca, and live south of the Mombuttu, by whom they had been conquered, and settled near the royal residence. He was thirty nine inches high, and albeit he had a pendent belly and very slender shanks, he performed marvellous feats of activity. On the next day several others of his tribe paid a visit, were measured and photographed. During Schweinfurth's visit King Mumery, escorted by several hundred Acca warriors, visited King Munsa, bringing a share of plunder taken in a recent campaign, and fought sham battles. Their only domestic animal is the barnyard fowl.

So Schweinfurth corroborates Herodotus and Virgil, Homer and Juvenal; and corroborating, asserts personal knowledge and bounds the geography of the mythos. Hanno and Munchausen agreed, though discredited, and the gorilla is their support. Now the other extreme, reported suspiciously by many travellers, is most absolutely asserted, and only needs to be seen in our museums to be credited. When Livingstone returns we shall hope to know something more for or against the truth of so very venerable, wide-spread and curious a story.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

A Frenchman has been devoting himself for a brief season to the American Department in the World's Exposition at Vienna. He has written a letter about it. His letter isn't flattering to the vanity of the spread-eagle Yankee nation. Quite the contrary, indeed. He put down some ugly facts in plain words, and it's good enough for us, because we have disgraced ourselves and our country, in that Exposition—no use talking. This unpleasant Frenchman says the American Department is inferior to any other in the Great Exhibition, that the articles which represent our spread-eagle national industry are very few and of miserably mean quality, that they are wretchedly and tastelessly arranged, that our exhibitors don't seem to know or care for their business, and that some of our commissioners are no better than they ought to be. Truer than preaching, every word of it.

But I remember drawing one bright gleam from this disgraceful cloud of Yankee darkness. The American exhibition at Vienna is composed mostly of bad-smelling fancy soaps and false teeth, as you are aware. After mentioning the loud-smelling soaps and the false teeth, however, this unpleasant Frenchman proceeds to remark that in one respect America shows herself to be in advance of all other civilized nations. That is in the respect of her public-school system. The American model school-house, the maps, charts, and illustrations of American public-school education, are infinitely superior to anything of that sort from other places.

I tickle myself over that fact, even in the midst of my wounded vanity. Then presently a thought occurs to me, and I tickle myself immeasurably over that too. This particularly soothing and happy thought is that the public schools of America are a shining monument of the labors of women. Women do nine-tenths of all the public-school work in America. To be sure, they usually have a man stuck up at the head of 'em for buncombe and that sort of thing, a handsome figure-head, you know, but when it comes to the real downright hard work of the thing, everybody who has ever had a peep behind the scenes knows what I say—that nine-tenths of the real work of the thing is done by ladies. So well is this fact coming to be understood lately, that they are even beginning to dispense with the handsome figure-head in some cities. Cleveland, which claims to have some of the best schools in the United States, has not a masculine principal in the city (Mr. Rickoff is Superintendent of all the schools). Our Normal School, which trains the teachers here in Cincinnati, has for its principal a lady, and a lady who is acknowledged to be one of the best educators in America. Besides all that, probably the best school geography in the world is the work of a woman, herself a public-school teacher.

I always feel very proud and puffed up when women do anything really worth while.

Behold you now, while I was just feeling good over the triumphs of the spread-eagle Yankee public-school system, a *German* Teachers' Convention packs up its traps and gets itself together in St. Louis. Why under the heavens a *German* teachers' convention should want to come together off by itself in one corner, in this land where the magic tie of American citizenship is enough for one and all—I know not; but come together they did. I admire the Germans enthusiastically, because they pay their debts and mind their own business, but at the same time they are the most abominably unjust toward women of any people this side of a tribe of woolly-headed Hottentots.

And as sure as your head sits upon your two shoulders, this *German* teachers' convention, here in these United States, Hail Columbia, Settin' Sun, E Pluribus Unum—these sagacious gentlemen met together and stewed nearly a whole day over the solemn question, "Whether the character of pupils is influenced detrimentally by the instructions of female teachers, and whether women are proper persons to teach, and have all the qualifications for teachers!"

Modest, aren't they?

I would respectfully suggest to the next Woman's Convention a thoroughly exhaustive discussion of the question whether these Dutchmen have common sense. I dare say it's detrimental to a man's character to have a mother, though I don't see how he can get on very well without it.

What fun it must have been, to be sure, to hear a convention of smoky, fat, old German schoolmasters holding a solemn pow-wow about whether a woman is a proper person to teach school! And I'll venture my head that it never came into their noddles to discuss first the question whether a smoky, fat old fogy of a German schoolmaster was a proper person to decide that point. Can a woman teach school? Sure enough! Can a Dutchman drink beer? But I'm not so much surprised, after all. Somewhere in the great and glorious German empire of Prussia, there is a preacher who denies that the earth revolves around the sun, and he lectures about it, and proves his position by arguments, and has published a learned pamphlet on the subject. After that performance, I don't think we need be surprised to find a body of German schoolmasters denying that a woman can teach school.

Gracious, no! After I come to think about it, I'm really not surprised at any insane length of old fogyism to which the imagination of a German schoolmaster will carry him. Because, take him for all in all, he is a nobler conservator of things as they used to be than a body's grandmother. What an eloquent comment on the march of mind that St. Louis pow-wow was, wasn't it? The German schoolmaster's mind is advancing along the road of progress at a rate which it is altogether fearful to contemplate.

But it did seem the most extraordinary sort of pow-wow on earth to me, remembering the dear, bright lady teachers to whom I myself used to recite in my green young days. Of course I'm not capable of judging how far my character has suffered on account of receiving instruction from lady-teachers, but as far as my weak and shallow feminine intellect can weigh the matter, some, not all, of the best teachers I ever had were ladies. One in particular, I remember, was a teacher of the higher mathematics, including practical surveying, analytical geometry, and all that trash. She understood the manipulation of mathematical instruments perfectly, and used them with her own hands, and many a tramp she led us over the hills, surveying, measuring heights, distances and things. Her explanations were models of lucidity, I know that, because I actually remember a few of 'em down to this day, when I've forgotten nearly every speck of my school-book "larnin." And if ever mortal teacher made a lot of poor sinners "toe the mark" in the matter of lessons and punctuality, it was that blessed woman. I don't mind confessing at this late date that I remember that little peculiarity of the lady in a fearfully distinct manner. So I say that in view of facts which all the world knows, and particularly in view of my own experience of the thing, it does seem most almighty queer to me to see a pack of German teachers come together in America in broad daylight and gravely discuss whether a woman has gumption enough to teach school. The coolness of the thing sort of takes your breath away. About two hundred years ago, more or less, school-committeemen in America gravely discussed the question whether a woman might be permitted to study arithmetic beyond the "Rule of Three." German ideas have now actually also advanced to that point. Let us thank God and take courage!

The dear old Dutch innocents.

I'm afraid their beer has got into their brains instead of their stomachs, and the smoke of their pipes has blown that way too. And I don't see for my life how one of 'em could ever marry a woman in the world, for fear of detriment to their characters.

ZIG.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

There are many parents whose manners are polished, and whose politeness seems "to the manor born" when they are in society, but who indulge in the greatest impoliteness at home—indeed are perfect boors inside of their own doors, when none but the family are present.

The husband is cross and surly—the wife snarly and pettish—and the children of course follow suit, because they are imitators of those about them, from the earliest dawn of their senses. And if they hear only brusque and snappish words—and see only coarse, rude actions, they will most surely adopt the same demeanor and language toward their playmates, inferiors and the servants of the household.

These same parents know how to say polite things to friends and strangers; are acquainted with the rules of etiquette and good breeding; but fail to recognize the fact that true good breeding is inherent in the heart—and cannot be put on and lain aside like a street or party dress; and is only to be used when apart from the home circle.

Many a sewing-girl possesses better manners than her so-called lady employer; and is perfectly astonished at the display of ill-manners and rudeness which she meets with while pursuing her vocation at the different houses.

Now, from a sense of policy alone, it is most desirable for parents to treat each other, and their children and servants with politeness, on account of obtaining more willing and cheerful obedience and service.

The simple phrases "If you please," and "I thank you," will frequently lighten an otherwise burdensome task.

Say to your little boy in curt, sharp tones—"Charlie, shut that door!" And he will go slowly about the task, and very likely shut it with vehemence. But if you smile, and say pleasantly—"Will you please shut the door, Charlie?" it will be quietly, yet quickly closed.

If you will say "thank you," for any little act of politeness or kindness received from children or servants, the influence of those monosyllables will be wonderful upon the family circle.

If Charlie hands you a book—a paper—or the like, those simple words will warm his heart, for there is a magic in their power.

Let us teach our children to be polite to ourselves, to the servants of the household, as well as to visitors and strangers, and we will not be made to blush for their manners when company is present.

Mrs. Allright is very polite toward the world at large, but shamefully rude to her husband and servants; and when she hears me thank my girl for bringing me a glass of water, she looks amazed, and doubtless considers me exceedingly foolish to give thanks for services which are paid for.

But her children behave most rudely at home and abroad, and I can hardly tolerate their presence in my family.

Seeing their rudeness one day in my parlor, she bewailed their bad manners and said, "I am out of all patience with those children! I declare I never will take them out with me again! Now you have the best-mannered children I ever saw, and I should be glad if mine were as polite to me as yours are to your servants."

"We have always tried to teach our children to be well-bred, *everywhere*," I quietly replied.

And herein lies the whole secret of good breeding.

I have known men who were considered polished gentlemen when in society, yet would address their children in such tones, that even a well-bred dog would resent them with a bark or growl.

And such men are of the bull-dog species, and growl out their orders for any little service they may desire from children, servants, and often from their wives.

Yet if a stranger brushes against them in the street, they receive his apology courteously; or if he offers the slightest service, it is accepted or declined with thanks; but they never dream of being courteous or gentlemanly when at home, so put aside their courtesy with their hats and coats.

And their children are taught to consider politeness at home as an affectation; and never assume even the air of good breeding, unless visitors are present; but follow the bad example set before them by their elders, and frequently make it even worse. Such conduct violates all home comfort, and sets at naught the happiness of the whole family circle.

There can be no sweet waters from such a bitter fountain!

We must remember that—

"Examples hasten deeds to good effects,"

and strive to teach politeness by an exercise of courtesy at all times and in all places, for there is no place on earth wherein it comes amiss.

Many men plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manners, as if truth were never gentle and kind, but always harsh, morose and forbidding.

Surely good manners and a good conscience are no more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innocence, which always appear the better for companionship.

Some persons object to politeness, because its language is false and unmeaning; but this can easily be refuted.

A falsehood is not locked up in a phrase, but must exist, if at all, in the mind of the speaker; and in the common compliments of civilized life, there is no intention to deceive, therefore no falsehood.

Polite language is pleasant to the ear, and soothing to the heart, while rude words are just the reverse; and if not the product of ill-temper, are very apt to produce it.

The plainest truths can be conveyed in civil speech, while the most malignant of lies can find utterance in the language of Billingsgate.

"What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than how to 't with thy sword."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Small Gossip about Great Writers.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

In literature greatness must be achieved; it is never "thrust upon" any writer. The majority of our successful authors served a laborious apprenticeship, and it was only after long years of patient work and weary waiting that they were enabled to earn their daily bread. Genius is no exception to the general rule, and the finest inspiration that was ever penned was compelled to submit to the immutable laws of development, even though it escaped the ordinary pains and perils of conception. A few cases in point may well be commended to the attentive consideration of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas sixteen times over; and Petrarch was not satisfied with one of his verses until he had rewritten it in forty-six different renderings. The great Newton remodelled his Chronology sixteen times. Gibbon wrote nine autobiographies before he was pleased with his work. Gray's famous "Elegy" occupied seven years of thoughtful pen-work. Samuel Rogers laboriously achieved four harmonious lines in a day.

Moore and Wordsworth detested the drudgery of the pen, and consigned whole reams of MSS. to the waste-basket. Byron and Macaulay erased and interlined with the most industrious particularity. And Daniel Webster was, so far as his own compositions were concerned, hypercritical to the last degree. It is related of him that, on one occasion, he presented a literary society of Harvard with a valuable book, at the same time acknowledging, in a brief epistle, his election to an honorary membership. The note elicited many complimentary remarks from the students on account of the graceful elegance of its style. But it was more fully appreciated when the accompanying volume was examined. The distinguished donor had thoughtlessly left between its pages a sheet of paper on which appeared *half a dozen different forms of the same note*. Of such is the Republic of Letters!

It is true that many celebrated authors have the reputation of writing very rapidly. Sue and Dumas contrived to accomplish tremendous results in a remarkably short time. And Lamartine, in his prime, was almost their equal in this respect. Mention might also be made of William Cobbett and Henry J. Raymond, but the ready and rapid execution of these writers does not, in any way, tend to show that they escaped their due share of brain labor. They were all hard thinkers.

Bad spelling is the grossest of literary sins; but our American writers of reputation, with the exception of the politicians, are comparatively untainted with it.

In France it is different. The First Napoleon declared that he did not have the time to write orthographically. And George Sand and Lamartine sin grievously in this particular, without pleading any excuse. In England it must be fully as bad, if not worse. According to the London Globe, accurate spellers are very rare among *first-class* British writers, and we sometimes feel inclined to agree with the eccentric American lecturer who told an astonished English audience that they did not know how to write and speak intelligibly in their own language!

In the minor matter of chirography, authors hold their own pretty well. Goethe and Scott wrote in fair, legible characters. Edgar A. Poe's penmanship was as plain as print. Longfellow, Emerson and Motley all write unexceptionably. On the other hand Byron, Halleck, Thorne and Greeley scrawled wretchedly. But the chirography of an author proves nothing. This small gossip, however, may serve to remind aspiring young writers that there is no royal road to literary eminence. To follow before leading; to serve before commanding, and to labor before producing—this is our common destiny. But "the labor we delight in physics pain." It is even so with the drudgery of the pen.

☞ The effect of mingling with new people, who have new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same things, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold.

TO S. J. H.

The soft wind is playing around me,
And breathing a tale in my ear,
Of a day when we rode through the sedge-field;
A day that to mem'ry is dear.

The sun shone like gold through the haze-veil,
The sedge all its downy plumes waved;
And the breeze was so merry—and bold too!
It stole the sweet kisses I craved.

Deep down in my heart, as we started,
I made me that evening a vow
That the fate of my love—often offered—
I, ere we returned, should know.

But methinks that some meddling goblin,
Or else that small "bird in the air"
Told that vow;—and,—a love of tormenting
Was ever a trait of "the fair."

What I suffered that day I'll not speak of,
All lovers can tell for themselves;
But I know that I solved the sweet secret,
In despite of the meddling elves.

As homeward we rode in the twilight,
While birds sang "good night" in the grove;
You, at last of tormenting grown weary,
Confessed, to my rapt heart, your love.

So now when the cool breeze is playing
And waving the sedge and the spray,
My memory goes back on its light wings,
And clings round that cherished day.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

Biographical Sketches.

EARLY LIFE OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born at Schönhausen, on April 1st, 1815.

In the early part of 1821, Otto von Bismarck was sent to Professor Plamann's school, in Berlin, where his elder brother, Bernhard, was a pupil. There he remained until 1827, when he entered the Frederick William Gymnasium. His parents resided on their estate in Pomerania, but they were accustomed to spend their winters in Berlin, and the two boys, although separated from them the greater part of the year, learned something of home-life during these annual visits to the capital.

Madame von Bismarck was a lady of intellect and education, esteemed in society for her beauty and influence, but ambitious and rather haughty. Her husband offered something of a contrast to her. He was a handsome, light-hearted man, whose principal amusements seemed to be hunting—of which he was passionately fond—and reading Parisian journals. It was her desire that Bernhard should become a *Landrath* (Provincial Councillor), and Otto a diplomatist, while their father was chiefly desirous that both boys should be skilful horsemen. In his sixteenth year, Otto von Bismarck was confirmed—the ceremony of confirmation in Prussia being as important as the assumption of the toga virilis among the ancient Romans. At Professor Plamann's boarding-school the system of "hardening," by providing insufficient food, exposing the pupils to the inclemency of the weather, and other proceedings, thought at that time to be favorable to the formation of a vigorous physique, was much in vogue. The intention of young Bismarck's parents was of course good in placing him under the control of Plamann, but it seems scarcely wise and almost cruel, as he was at the time of his admission into the school only six years old. In later days he often complained of the severe treatment he experienced while in that institution. He made great progress in English and French, but was rather backward in his other studies. At the Frederick William Gymnasium he had frequent disputes with the teacher of French, and a prize theme in French or English, being optional, he learned the latter language in an unusually short time, in order not to be judged by the obnoxious professor. In 1831, when the cholera panic prevailed, Bismarck, by his father's desire, left Berlin for home. Travellers coming from the infected city were not allowed to alight at some places on the road. The stages drove side by side until their doors touched, and while the guards watched closely, an exchange of passengers was effected. At one place Bismarck was permitted to touch terra firma, but forbidden to enter a house. A table, furnished with refreshments, stood in the open street, from which the traveller helped himself, while the terrified inhabitants looked upon the operation from their doors and windows.

In his youth Bismarck was quiet and observant. His eyes were rather unflatteringly denominated "blank." He was tall, pale and thin; but as Herr Hesekiel, his rather "gushing" biographer, is careful to inform us, "his health was always good, and he was, from his youth up, a hearty eater." His rough experience at the Plamann Institute had led him to regard athletic sports with aversion. He wished to enter the University of Heidelberg, but his mother opposed this, as she was afraid he would acquire the detestable habit of drinking beer. She might have found more reasonable grounds for objection with little difficulty, and have spared herself this anxiety, for, from the letters of her son, we discover that he afterward became an enthusiastic disciple of Gambrinus, although he went to Göttingen, instead of Heidelberg. Even before entering this University, he had fought his maiden duel with a Hebrew youth, named Wolf. The combat did not end seriously. The future premier received a wound in the leg and fled, not without damaging his opponent's spectacles.

In the University, he made a few lasting friends. Among these was Lothrop Motley, the well-known author of "The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," who was for some time American minister at the Court of St. James. Before entering into the full enjoyment of student life, he journeyed into the Harz with some companions from Mecklenburg. At the breakfast given in honor of the completion of this journey, a bottle was thrown from the window. Next morning Bismarck was cited to appear before the dean. He obeyed the summons, appearing in a tall hat, a flashy dressing-gown and riding-boots. His huge Danish dog accompanied him. The dean looked over his spectacles in astonishment at this apparition, and as soon as he recovered his power of speech, fined the culprit five thalers, on account of the dog. Then he proceeded to investigate the bottle-throwing affair. With a matchless effrontery, which seems not to have deserted him in his later life, Bismarck endeavored to persuade the dean that the bottle must have flown out the window; but that dignitary knew better, and at last the crest-fallen student was compelled to admit that *his* hand had been the propelling power. In going home, not in the best humor, he met a party of Hanoverians (he, himself, belonged to the Brunswick corps), who began to laugh at his strange appearance. The consequences were four challenges to duels which were never fought, as the Hanover party seeing that the freshman was made of "proper stuff," received him into their corps, much to the anger of the deserted Brunswickers. There succeeded during the first three terms about twenty-one duels, in only one of which Bismarck was wounded; the scar is still seen on the minister's cheek. This wound was caused by the fracture of his adversary's sword blade.

Bismarck's university career was not marked by intense application of study. The law professor remarked that he had never seen Von Bismarck at lecture. As the lecturer's audience consisted of three, he could not help noticing his absence. The near approach of the examination at last drove him to two lectures; but by great industry and a good memory, he passed through the dreaded examination with credit.

In 1835, after his examination, he was sworn as auscultator (examiner). As clerk in the city police, he seems to have been more noted for his "humorous pranks" than for anything else. One of these, Hesekiel relates, as he does anything that concerns his hero, with great gusto. Bismarck was engaged in taking the protocol of a Berliner. The man was not respectful enough to suit the auscultator, who sprang up, exclaiming—"Behave better, or I'll have you kicked out!" The magistrate tapped Bismarck on the shoulder, saying—"Herr Auscultator, the kicking out is *my* business." The evidence proceeded, but Bismarck soon arose to his feet, and thundered—"Sir, behave yourself better, or the magistrate shall kick you out!" The court could not keep its countenance.

In 1835, Bismarck first met Prince William, (now the Emperor of Germany,) at a court ball. Bismarck was presented to the prince, in company with another tall legal official. The prince looked at the two, and then exclaimed:

"Well, justice seeks her young advocates according to the standard of the guards!"

The future emperor and the future minister did not then dream that one day they were to forge together an empire that would take its place among the very foremost nations of the earth.

A YEAR AGO.

In the pleasant Summer weather,
When the sun was low,
Side by side we walked together,
Just a year ago.
In the West the crimson glory
Slowly died away,
As I told the old sweet story
At the close of day.

Joy, till then in life denied me,
Set my heart at rest,
As the fair young face beside me
Conscious love confessed.
All the hopes that hovered o'er us
Youth alone can know;
Life and love were all before us
Just a year ago.

Just a year—the sky is clouded,
And the shadows fall;
In a grave my hopes lie shrouded—
Death has won them all.
Loved and lost! The tie is broken;
Cold are lip and brow;
Words of love, though warmly spoken,
Cannot reach her now.

Joy has vanished, hope is perished,
Dreams of youth are vain;
E'en the love by Memory cherished
Thrills the heart with pain.
Gone forever—sorrow only
Future life can know,
Since she died and left me lonely—
Just a year ago.

STANSBY.

Two Ways of Settling the Question.

BY SPHINX.

They were a Bohemian-looking set! that party camping-out in the Adirondack woods the summer of '69. I was a sort of "looker-on in Vienna" (as one might say), and sat within the opening of my tent, smoking my calumet, and wondering about my wife and children, who were up in the state of Maine, and were to join us the following week.

I was thinking over one part of my wife's letter, as I sat watching the gay faces. "Take care of the young people, Robert—you are such a boy yourself—that they may take advantage of you."

My thought was checked by the words—"I don't agree with you!" and Miss Hawthorne turned her head with negative emphasis toward Charlie Lexington. I was immediately all ears to find out in what she disagreed, for this girl was something of a mystery to me.

"What do *you* say, Noble?" asked Lexington, of a man who sat slightly apart from the rest, reading.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why, we were speaking of the perfect confidence that should exist between husband and wife. I said I thought a man should know much of a woman's past life from her own lips—and Miss Hawthorne don't agree with me," he explained.

Several looked at the girl, who sat on the grass, leaning against the trunk of a tree. Her broad Leghorn hat was pushed back, and her eyes were carefully investigating the insect world in a clump of moss, berries and small vines.

"A mother's and father's report is usually given; but little do they know of the singularities of the young lives around them. Youth and health are serviceable masks," concluded Lexington, hanging a kettle in true gypsy manner over a fire blazing a few yards from them.

"Charlie, could you give *your* future wife a full sketch of *your* past life?" asked a deep voice to his right.

"I could—yes!" was the fearless answer.

"Could *you*?"

"No," answered Livingstone Cole, drawing his breath tightly.

"*I* would not trust any man who could not tell me *everything*," interposed a wee little body, drawing herself up and stamping her foot.

"Would you trust one who did?" said Cole, pulling his black slouch hat over his eyes, and looking at her with the glance of a highwayman.

"Try me!" she said, coaxingly.

"Well, what do you want to know?

"Will you answer *truly*?"

"Yes."

"Now listen—*all* of you!" said Ray Saranette, sitting opposite him, and looking very much like a katy-did facing a lion. "What is your name?"

There was a dead silence—and to the astonishment of all, he blushed crimson.

"Oh, we all know his name," said Miss Hawthorne, rising to her feet. "Ask his age—that's more important."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-two."

"Where were you born?"

"Vaubuisson, France."

"How is it you do not speak French?"

"My parents are English."

"That would not prevent your speaking French."

"They moved from that place when I was two years of age."

"Where did you next locate?"

"Dartmouth, England."

"At what age did you come to America?"

"At the age of sixteen."

"Were your parents dead when you came to this country?"

"No."

"They came with you?"

"My mother did."

"And your father?"

"He remained in England."

"In Dartmouth?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"At the Chelsea prison."

There was an awful pause. Livingstone Cole was considered a New York aristocrat. Poor Ray Saranette, she blushed distressingly, but quickly said—

"Be a good boy! I'll catechise the others presently,"—(not knowing what a relief she was affording us all.)

"Now, Mr. Cole, were you ever in love?"

"Yes."

"Are you in love with the same person *now*?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you?"

"I do not know."

"Haven't you asked her?"

"No."

"Ain't you going to ask her?"

"No, Miss Ray."

"Well, well—I'm getting out of the natural course of affairs altogether. I'll give up."

"Oh, go on!" said several mischievous voices.

I shook my head reprovingly at Ray, but she turned her back on me, and glancing around fixed her hesitating eyes on Miss Hawthorne, whose magnificent figure was drawn to its full height, and her intense face modelled into a sort of preparatory calmness.

"Your age, Miss Hawthorne?"

"Twenty-four."

"Your birthplace?"

"London."

"Well, really, you are *also* from over the water! Are your parents living?"

"My mother is."

"Any relation to the author of 'The Scarlet Letter'?"

"None."

"Did you always live in London?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"In—Dartmouth."

I, who was getting rather tired of this nonsense, and was moving off, now stood still, a sort of unaccountable chill creeping over me.

"Your father's name?"

"Edmund Hawthorne."

Ray, poor child, feared if she omitted this it would be felt by Cole, who sat eagerly listening to the replies. "Were *you* ever in love?"

"I was."

"Did *he* love you?"

A smile crept over the warm, brilliantly southern looking face.

"He did."

"Ah! you are more fortunate than Mr. Cole; but wait one minute. How comes it you did not get married?"

Cole, who had grown ashy, now turned a half-expectant face towards them. Miss Hawthorne, the only standing figure in the group, raised one hand deprecatingly, then pulled her Legborn down over her eyes which glowed with a steady fire, indeed she knew they were growing brighter and brighter. Then she laughed, a low, thoughtful laugh, as if keenly amused with her own frankness.

"I suppose we did not trust each other enough," she said, in a rich, distinct voice.

"Come to din-ner—din-ner—hurry!" sounded from the "forage camp," as we called it. Lexington had made his coffee and roasted the potatoes, so he preceded the drones of the hive.

"Somebody must walk over to Elizabethtown for crockery this afternoon—we've had a smash-up!" said the chief cook and bottle-washer, Will Harlburt.

"Yes and take a basket and carry it back!" added Kate Dixon, the head waitress. "Mr. Cole, you are one of the errand boys—I dispatch you."

"Shan't go alone!" said he, coming in with a lot of camp-chairs.

"Choose your companion," I said, encouragingly.

"You choose one for me, Mr. Hale," he answered with a peculiar expression in face and voice.

I don't know why—but I said instantly, "Miss Hawthorne."

"I have to wash the dishes," she replied in a quiet voice.

"Oh, the vanity! she is ashamed to walk by the hotels and boarding-houses in Elizabethtown with a market basket full of crockery."

"Oh, it is not *that*."

"Perhaps it is shame on account of the person who will carry the basket," said Kate Dixon for fun, knowing nothing of the conversation that had taken place.

"Oh, far from it, I will go, and even assist in carrying the basket," she answered nervously; but when Livingstone Cole stood up after the meal, he did not look much as if he required assistance.

"You won't find us here when you return—we are going to Mt. Marcy—it's your turn to stay at home with 'Father Hale,'" called several after them. They moved off, walking each in their peculiar way, but keeping stately step together. He was the largest man in the camp, and she the tallest woman—and pretty much of the same calibre—reticent, strictly honest and true, and proud to maintain honor. The turn of her head was almost regal, and his carriage had in it the character of a chevalier—but simplicity was their most marked characteristic. In temper they differed—in opinion usually also—in judgment they varied. I watched them until they were out of sight. I was soon left alone to my reflections. It was in the late twilight that they returned—and the evening being chilly I sat in front of a wood fire with my head on my hand. Livingstone responded to my whistle, and soon came into camp, leading his companion by the hand.

"We feel," he said, "that you should know something of us, Mr. Hale. When I was a little boy, my father committed a forgery—I did not know the nature of the crime then—I know he was not imprisoned till I was fifteen—that he had used the name of his friend, Edmund Hawthorne, the father of this lady. He begged us to leave Dartmouth and come to America under an assumed name, and when he had served his time he would join us. We did so. I never could outlive the fact that he had turned traitor to a loving friend. I reverenced and shrank from the man who helped us and forgave *him*, and who died shortly after. I have known for one year his daughter. I loved her, before I knew who she was, and only found it out one week ago. I had resolved to leave you all to-morrow, had it not been that the idle conversation of to-day brought us to the knowledge of each other's feelings. My life has been one exposed to adversity and ignominy to a certain extent—it is a book I should forever have closed in the sight of my wife—but to-day my friend asked me if my father's name was not Ralph Rand, and what I had suspected during Miss Saranette's catechism was at once revealed."

"Your suspicions were not all true, you remember?" Miss Hawthorne interrupted, with a laugh in her handsome eyes.

He looked at her as she stood in the glow of the firelight, her yellow hat making a bright halo about her dark, attractive face. "Virginia," he exclaimed,

"I remember you now *distinctly*—you were holding your father's hand, and wept because the turnkey locked me in with my father the day that you both visited him at Chelsea. You were about eight years of age then."

A retrospective look stole over her face, and I surveyed them and thought they looked like a pair of gypsies as they stood there ready to battle for one another till the end. I knew that by her replies to Ray in the morning that he thought "she had loved and lost;" but I read the girl's triumphant smile better.

"Well," said I, "this is a pretty romance to tell Mrs. Hale. I won't take the responsibility of such a party *next* summer. If I had not sent Miss Hawthorne with you, Cole, this would never have happened, I presume;"

Just then we heard the party returning from the Marcy expedition. A figure that looked like an embalmed mummy was laid at my feet. It was wrapped in a woman's shawl, and had a shaker on, and man's boots. The whole party were screaming with laughter, I unrolled it, and revealed—Will Hurlburt soaked with fresh lake water.

"Why, it's the chief cook," I ejaculated.

"No trout for tea to-night, minions," he roared out, sturdily shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog.

"No, he has other fish to fry!" said Curtis Noble, dryly. I noticed that all the ladies had retired to their own camp.

"'Angling,' says Walton, 'is something like poetry, men are to be born so!'" replied Will, drying himself in front of the fire.

"I believe he also added that 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation!'" Curtis ejaculated, yawningly.

"Never—what is more peaceful than upsetting a boat containing a lady and a string of trout!" said Barnes, beginning to set out the new plates briskly.

"A lady and a string of trout!" I exclaimed.

"'There be land thieves and water thieves,'" said one voice.

"'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink,'" said Hurlburt, seizing a pitcher and rushing out of the camp.

"What is the joke, boys?" I ventured.

"Why he took Miss Ray trout fishing and upset her; got her on shore and proposed to her. Just as we came on the scene of action, he was wringing out her dress and saying, 'My dear, are you sure you won't take cold?' and her teeth were chattering out, 'No-o, my-y-y lo-v-v-e!'"

"'A very ancient and fish-like smell,'" they commenced again, as Hurlburt returned.

"Come, come boys, get him a change of clothes!" I entreated.

"A very Triton of the minnows!" said they, dinging a flannel suit at him. "'A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him,'" added Curtis, helping him dress.

"'This is the *Noble* st Roman of them all!'" returned Will, giving him a vigorous smack on the shoulder. At supper that night I think I intercepted a dozen winks, fourteen thrusty quotations, and half dozen corn pressers. The wags of the party tried to upset my gravity, but despairingly anxious about the events of the day I uttered a "Pax vobiscum," and retired to my tent.

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER VII.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

Samuel de Lacy, whom Mr. Langley had introduced to Captain Vane's notice as a gentleman farmer, with several handsome, extravagant daughters, was very proud of his ancient lineage, and yet, having devoted himself so many years to country pursuits, had degenerated, as far as one could judge, into a mere farmer.

His daughters, lacking the education that became their birth, had scrambled up somehow, and were such daring riders in the hunting-field, so thoroughly unconventional in their way of life, that the neighborhood was rather shy of them, and they were left pretty much to their own devices.

Mr. de Lacy was very proud of his girls, as he called them; and they were certainly handsome, with blooming cheeks, and bright eyes, and tall, upright figures, with which Madame Mode had nothing whatever to do.

As they sat round the breakfast-table this morning, sipping their tea and chattering volubly, like magpies, he gave a little satisfied glance, first at one and then at the other, until he came to Dolly, the youngest, his prime pet and favorite, when he smiled.

Mrs. de Lacy had died of consumption some few years before the commencement of our tale, and because Dolly was like her mother, the old yeoman had a haunting fear that she must needs be hurrying to the same goal.

"Dolly, you are sitting in a draught," he cried, as the wind through the open window played in the curls of her hair. "Carrie, you are so strong, you had better change with her."

"Don't fidget about me, papa; I'm all right," answered Dolly, gayly; and then, catching sight of the postman coming up the path, she darted out to meet him.

But there were only two letters this morning, and both of these were for Mr. de Lacy.

"Look, papa!" exclaimed Dolly, holding up one in a big blue envelope; "this looks official, doesn't it? I do believe somebody has left you a fortune!"

"No such luck," he responded, as he took it from her hand and opened it.

There was a minute's silence, and then the old man looked across at Dolly, with a tremulous smile.

"Your prophecy was a true one, child; some one has left me a fortune."

The girls sprang out of their seats, and crowded about him.

"Who has?" inquired Carrie, the eldest, curiously.

"How much?" asked Emilia, who was of a more practical turn.

Whilst Dolly said never a word.

"Do you remember a beautiful little cousin of yours, who once came here on a visit?"

"Oh, yes," said Carrie; "and we were so rough in our play, that we frightened her off before a week was over."

"And I put her on the pony, without a saddle," observed Emilia, "and she fainted, I remember."

"Well, she is dead!"

"Dead, papa?"

It was Dolly who spoke at last—Dolly, the fairest and gentlest of the old farmer's daughters.

"What did she die of?—that is more to the purpose," remarked Carrie, who disapproved of anything like sentiment.

"She was murdered!"

A cry broke from all three; but Dolly's was the sharpest, and showed the strongest sense of compassion and dread.

She sat down with a coldness like death coming over her, which the others were too eager and excited to notice.

"Well, papa, you didn't tell me how much it was," urged Carrie.

"About eighteen thousand pounds—perhaps rather more. You remember the conditions of your uncle's will?"

"Perfectly; and very shameful it was altogether. Why couldn't he have shared what he had to leave, instead of giving it all to Winifred, who was no nearer to him than you and the others were, after all."

"It was his own, and he had a right to do as he liked with his own, my dear."

"But I shouldn't have liked to have such a will as that on my conscience in dying."

"Will has the same as you, of course?" Carrie added, abruptly.

"The more the pity," answered Mr. de Lacy, in a severe tone, "for money runs through his hands like water through a sieve. If it helped his creditors, we would be glad enough, but it will only help him to some new extravagance."

Dolly's head sank on her bosom, and a bright flush dyed her fair cheeks. In the girl's attitude there was shame and distress, and both so marked, that Emilia, glancing her way, could not withdraw her eyes afterward.

"My little girl shall have the pony she wanted now," said the old farmer, with tender triumph; and he, too, looked at Dolly.

But he was less discerning than his daughter, for he saw nothing to alarm him, and went on obeerily.

"I am sorry for the poor girl, though, upon my word, only that the loss of one is always another's gain; so that I can't help being pleased with what we've got, although I should have liked it better if we had come to it in any other way. And now, Carrie, give me my tea, and I'll be off to the men. A few thousand pounds needn't make me idle, when I've three extravagant daughters to keep."

"We are not extravagant, papa," objected Carrie.

"So people say; and I suppose they know. Your neighbors always understand your business, I find, better than you do yourself."

"And about mourning, papa?"

"Cover yourself with crape—it will look kind," replied Farmer de Lacy, as he applied himself to his breakfast with right good will; "and, Dolly, my dear, I'll see about the pony this very morning; so cheer up, my bird."

"Please, papa, I would rather you didn't," said Dolly, with a shrinking air. "I don't deserve anything—I don't, indeed."

It might have been noticed that Emilia scrutinized her more attentively at this.

"Humbug!" exclaimed the old man. "Then who does?"

"But, papa, I am not good at all."

And Dolly burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. de Lacy seemed surprised, too, at this; but he accounted for it easily.

"Dolly has such a tender heart," he observed, "that any little thing puts her out; and I won't say but what she has had enough to scare her this morning."

Dolly, sobbing with uncontrollable emotion, rose from her seat, and slipped out of the room. Carrie took the opportunity of reading her father a lecture.

"Dolly gets more and more sentimental every day; and it's only because you encourage her, papa. She wants hardening, if ever she is to do her duty in this world."

"What is her duty?" inquired the old farmer, looking at his eldest daughter with grim disapproval. "Hunt the hounds, and take the stiff fences without flinching, eh?"

"Those are *my* duties," answered Carrie, unmoved by his sarcasm, "and I don't care to have a rival in the field. I'd be quite satisfied with a milder form of heroism in Dolly, if she wouldn't overburden it with such a vast amount of sentiment."

"There isn't much harm in feeling, it seems to me."

"The question is whether people who make the most fuss really feel the most," replied Carrie, coldly. "I must own, I've got my doubts."

"I dare say you've got your doubts about the Bible, too, if the truth is told," said the old farmer, who could not brook any disparagement of his favorite. "Dolly has twice your sense, and six times your heart; and all I can say is, look at home for your own faults, before you try to find out hers."

So saying, the old farmer, who was considerably ruffled in his temper, pushed aside his untasted tea, and stalked out, leaving Carrie, who really loved Dolly, but was jealous of her father's candid preference, to repent at her leisure.

Presently Dolly came back, but her red eyes and flushed cheeks showed how the interval had been employed. Her manner was humble and deprecatory; and yet there was a certain determination, too, about the lines of the sweet lips.

She was quiet and subdued all the rest of the day; but toward evening, Emilia, who was still watching her, observed that the humility gave place entirely to determination, instead of keeping it company on equal terms, as in the earlier hours.

Her eyes became bright, and eager, too; and a deep, abiding flush burnt on each round cheek.

If poor Dolly had her secrets, they were assuredly secrets that gave her a dangerous pleasure, as well as an intense pain.

The old farmer had quite recovered his good temper by this time, and was even ashamed of having lost it, perhaps, for he was very gentle to Carrie; but none of the little party were as gay as usual.

It seemed as if this fortune, which had come to them at the sacrifice of a glad young life, had brought a shadow with it—a shadow that hung darkly over the simple household, even freezing their prayers, which were murmured abstractedly to-night, through cold, impatient lips.

Dolly rose from her knees the last, and went as usual to take her father's spectacles, and put away his book.

This was her task always; but there was something shrinking, almost pathetic, in her way of rendering these services to-night.

Even her father noticed this; for, having kissed her, he held her face in his hands, and looked at it long and earnestly.

"What's the use of grieving over spilt milk, Dolly?" he said, in a tone of kindly consolation; "all the troubling in the world won't bring poor Winifred back to life."

"No, father."

"Then just let her go out of your mind—that's the best way with a thing that can't be remedied, isn't it?"

Dolly bowed her head mutely. She could not have carried on her deception farther in words, even if they would have saved her life.

But the old man, satisfied that he had made a good impression, kissed her again, and let her go.

Beyond measure thankful for her release, Dolly darted away to her own room, where she sat panting like a hunted animal; but, listening, too, with all her ears.

She heard her father go to his room, then her two sisters, chattering and laughing, as they crossed the passage; finally the doors were shut to, and silence reigned without and within.

Dolly sat there still for half an hour, her heart throbbing as if it would burst through her bodice, then she rose softly to her feet, and held her breath to listen.

Not a sound broke the silence save the faint rustle of the night wind sighing fitfully through the darkness.

Dolly opened her door noiselessly, and crept out. Down the stairs, like a ghost, she glided, the boards never even so much as creaking under her cautious tread.

Mr. de Lacy had no reason to apprehend thieves, or suspect his neighbors, and, therefore, he did not bolt and bar himself in. The key was simply turned in the lock, and the rest was left to Providence, in which he had a real old-fashioned faith, not at all suited to these skeptical times.

So that Dolly's difficulties were well-nigh over as soon as she got down-stairs, and she was soon in the garden, where the flowers lay, with their fragrant heads pillowed on green leaves, so fast asleep that they gave her no greeting as she passed.

"Dolly, my little Dolly, whom I have loved so dearly, to deceive me like this!" was the unspoken reproach that followed her; and she answered within herself, "I cannot bear this much longer; there must be an end soon."

And she sped swiftly on beyond the shadow of the house, where her old father slumbered in full trust that his darling was under the same safe shelter.

As she disappeared under the dark archway of trees that led into the lane, Emilia, with a face of wonder and pain, stepped out of the house, almost as stealthily as Dolly had done, and followed.

"I must know what all this means, for the child's own sake," she murmured. "God forgive you, unhappy Dolly, if you have deceived the father who loves you so much."

It was the same cry that was in Dolly's heart, only Dolly's was more piteous. Emilia suffered for her; she suffered for herself, and took a double share.

Midnight was tolling by the church clock when Emilia came out of her hiding-place, white and tremulous and faint, like one who has received a terrible shock, and went staggering back into the house again.

A few minutes more, and Dolly followed, stopping, with bated breath, to listen for a step in the lane. When this died slowly off on the stillness of the night she lingered no longer, but stealing back into the house as softly as she had come, reached her rooms, and fell, sobbing and sighing, on her little bed, and presently, child-like, cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILD WILL.

Captain Vane had been a week at the squire's, as James de Lacy was always called, and so far he had made no progress in the grand purpose of his life, excepting that he was satisfied in his own mind he must look elsewhere than at the Hermitage for the person he sought.

The squire, with his beaming face, and meek benevolence, his sensitive organization, was the last person to suspect of a crime.

He had his aviary in the garden, where he would pass an hour each morning talking to his birds, who knew and loved him evidently, for they would perch on his shoulder or hands, flutter about his head, and even come at his call.

Piping Tom, a handsome young bullfinch, was his particular favorite; and one morning, when he found it lying dead on the floor, he came into the breakfast-room with tears in his eyes.

"Poor Tom!" he said, sighing; "he is gone, Madeleine!"

"Poor Tom!" echoed his daughter, sympathetically. "I am very sorry. What did he die of, papa?"

"There is nothing to show, my dear."

And then, turning to Captain Vane, he added—

"You will think me very foolish, but one gets so attached to these pretty creatures, and they never repay one with ingratitude, as human beings do. I know the world too well, and it is often a relief to get away from its uncharitableness to the companionship of my birds."

"But they pick one another to pieces sometimes, I fancy," said Captain Vane, with a smile.

"The injury to the body is of little account. What is it Shakspeare says about the difference between stealing a man's purse and stealing his character? I don't know that this is quite a case in point, but it serves to illustrate my argument. For my part, I don't care what people do to me as long as they leave me my good name."

"But, dear papa," said Madeleine, deprecatingly, "there is no fear of your losing that."

"One can never tell; it is such a bitter, bitter world!" he answered; and then brightened suddenly, as he added, "I mustn't allow poor Tom's death to weigh so much on my mind, or it will make me very poor company. Madeleine, my dear, I have a plan in my head."

"A plan to help somebody, I am sure," said his daughter, with loving appreciation.

"Come, come, Madeleine, you mustn't be so partial," he answered, modestly; "no one is more conscious of his sins and short-comings than I am."

He said this with such evident sincerity, Captain Vane was more than ever impressed in his favor, and began to think that he was as near a saint as living man could be.

"But, papa," said Madeleine, presently, "you haven't told me your plan."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but I was going to suggest that we should invite your Cousin William here for a few days."

"What! Wild Will, papa?" exclaimed Madeleine, with evident surprise, even dismay.

"Not if it would be really annoying to you, my child; but it struck me that possibly the young man may have been maligned, and that if so, one would be very sorry to help perpetuate an injustice—eh, Madeleine?"

"Certainly, papa."

"You know," he went on, "if you give a dog a bad name, you may as well hang him. Perhaps your cousin has nothing much the matter with him after all, but a little youthful effervescence, which will tone down in time. In that case, one would be very sorry not to give him a helping hand."

Captain Vane felt himself tremble at the sound of this name, and waited with impatience for Madeleine's reply.

"You know, papa, I am always satisfied that whatever you do is right," she answered, gently; "so that there is no fear of my thwarting your plans."

Captain Vane fancied that the old man's face beamed momentarily with a peculiar, unaccountable smile; but it vanished so quickly, that he thought, after all, he must have been mistaken.

"Well, then, it is settled," pursued the squire; "I will write to William to-night. I hope this will make it a little more pleasant for you," turning courteously to the young officer. "I am afaid you must find it dreadfully dull at The Hermitage."

The fact was, that the neighbors fought shy of the squire, now that he had such a suspicious inmate, although he was careful not to hint at this, lest he should scare the other away.

Above all things in this world, he desired to keep Captain Vane at the Hermitage.

"I am not the least dull," answered the young man, cordially; "only more thankful than I can describe for the peace and rest I find here, in addition to the kind welcome."

"Don't speak of it, Captain Vane; the longer you stay, the better I shall like it."

And this was evidently the truth.

Madeleine looked up, and the soft light in her blue eyes, the gracious expression of her lips, seemed to endorse her father's words, although she did not speak.

"You are very good," replied the young officer; "if you are sure that I am not in the way, I should like to stay and make the acquaintance of Wild Will."

"By all means—pray do!" returned the squire, blithely. "Your impartial testimony as to his character will be of great use to me. You could not have any bias against him naturally, now could you?" he finished, in a very confiding tone.

But he scrutinized Captain Vane rather narrowly as he said this, and seemed impatient for his reply.

"Why should I?"

"Just so. I thought not. I am not fond of trusting entirely to my own judgment, for 'to err is human,' you know."

Captain Vane nodded intelligently, and Madeleine smiled.

"You never begin to quote unless you are in very good spirits, papa. I am glad to see you are getting over Piping Tom's loss."

His face was shadowed in a moment.

"You are quite mistaken. I shall regret poor Tom for the rest of my life, and I mean him to be honorably interred; but I have such a wonderful faculty of casting off unpleasant impressions, like a child."

"That is a very desirable quality," said Captain Vane, mournfully.

"I suppose it is, only that it gives people the impression that you are shallow and unfeeling."

"You know it doesn't do anything of the kind, papa," was Madeleine's strenuous objection.

"My dear girl, it really does. No one can feel more strongly, or suffer more acutely than I, and yet I am positive I never get the credit of either. 'Look at the Squire,' people say: 'he has already got over the death of that poor girl, some of whose fortune he inherited.' Whereas the Squire, in reality, feels it daily and hourly, and endures such anguish of sorrow, at times, as they could not even understand."

He stopped short, as if he had betrayed too much; and added, quickly, "Ah, well; I would not have it otherwise. When you wear your heart on your sleeve, it is for daws to peck at. And I—I am only a grown-up child, Madeleine, am I?"

"Nothing more," she answered, with her charming laugh; and, putting her hand on his shoulder, she laid her fresh cheek on it, and looked up at him, lovingly.

"You will never grow old, papa."

"You keep me young," he murmured, with great emotion. "If it weren't for you—"

"What then, papa?"

"I should be thankful to die—thankful to die!" he answered, with such terrible reality, that when he struggled to disengage himself, Madeleine, in her wonder and pain, let him go.

When he had closed the door, she turned tearfully to Captain Vane.

"Poor papa is so painfully sensitive, he is not fit to live in such a harsh world as ours. He has never recovered from my mother's death, although it happened so many years ago. I almost wish sometimes that he wasn't so fond of me."

"Why?"

"Supposing I were to die?"

"But surely that is a very improbable contingency?"

"There are graves of all sizes in the churchyard, Captain Vane!"

"I had no idea that you indulged such gloomy forebodings, Miss de Lacy. I should make haste to dismiss them, if I were you. Death is possible for us all; but you are young, bright and happy, and the hour may be long in coming. Why anticipate it, then, through your fears?"

"I am not afraid!" she answered, with simple sincerity.

"That is well; but why talk about it?"

"I don't know," she replied, abstractedly.

She did not speak again; and finding her absorbed in her thoughts, he rose quietly, and left the room.

Wild Will took the Squire's letter for a dunning one at first, and scarcely condescended to open it; but when he saw the contents, his eye brightened.

"The very thing," he said, aloud. "By Jove, I'll go! Perhaps I shall be able to get something out of the old man to keep me going until those confounded lawyers cash up."

Whereupon he wrote a gracious reply to the squire's note, and put himself into a first-class carriage of an express train the very next morning.

Bankrupts always travel first-class, and deny themselves of no luxuries, as we are all aware.

The squire drove to the station to meet him, and received him with great cordiality.

"Delighted to see you," he said, smiling urbanely. "Have you any luggage?"

"Heaps!" answered Wild Will, loftily. "I always take one whole trunk for my cigars."

"Indeed! Then you must be a wonderful smoker."

"Ah! like a furnace," he said, opening his case, and lighting one on the spot. "Won't you do the reciprocal?"

"I don't smoke, thank you. Like King James, I don't care to make a chimney of my mouth."

"One may put it to worse uses," said Wild Will, who wasn't certainly a fool.

"And better, I hope."

"Very likely," replied the other, indifferently; "but I never look at things in that light. What is pleasant ought to be right, even if it isn't. I always act upon that principle myself."

"Isn't it rather a dangerous one?"

"It does for me. I don't profess to be a saint."

The squire glanced at him keenly. But Wild Will was puffing away at his cigar, and noticed nothing.

Madeleine received him rather distantly at first; but with all his recklessness and freedom, Wild Will had a certain fascination of manner which tells with womankind.

Before he had been an hour in the house, Madeleine began almost to like him. He was amusing, for one thing, and so perfectly candid besides, that you felt inclined to believe that all his faults were on the surface, and there was nothing worse below.

This was Captain Vane's impression as well as Madeleine's; but he still kept steady watch.

The morning after his arrival, Wild Will strolled down the garden, with the inevitable cigar between his lips, and coming upon the young officer, looked relieved.

"I say," he said, "this is a deuced slow place; isn't it now?"

"I like it," answered Captain Vane.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes. I'd as soon be in prison myself, if it wasn't for the look of the thing. You don't play *écarté*?"

"A little."

"I wish you'd have a game, then, to pass the time. The squire is a very fine old fellow, and all that kind of thing; but, upon my word, I could commit suicide. I shall have to get up a flirtation with Madeleine to pass the time."

Captain Vane had almost said, "No, you won't," but checked himself in time.

What affair was it of his whether Wild Will flirted with Madeleine or not? The girl could defend herself. He was surely forgetting that his heart was buried with Winifred in her early grave.

Only that Madeleine was so pure, and innocent, and sweet—it would be a bitter shame if she were imposed upon by a glib-tongued, reckless young fellow like Wild Will.

But there was no fear of this. Shame on him for the doubt!

He played *écarté* two dreary hours with Wild Will, just to keep him out of mischief, and received, without undue elation, the other's flattering assertion that he was a jolly fellow, and knew what he was about.

But Captain Vane was fairly baffled. Wild Will was either the most consummate hypocrite that ever breathed, or as innocent as a child. Which was it?

He resolved to try him.

Never since that terrible day had he been near the place where poor Winifred had perished; but, with the hope of avenging her, he would go even there.

One afternoon he put his arm through Wild Will's, and said, "Come with me. I am going to take you for a walk."

"I'd a deuced deal rather play at *écarté*," answered his companion. "But come along. I suppose it isn't very far."

"No, it is not far," replied Captain Vane, with so much solemnity that the other turned, and stared at him uneasily.

"I say, old fellow, you aren't going to take me out and do for me, are you?"

"How can you be so absurd?"

"Well, such things have happened, even in this queen's reign," said Wild Will. "But I think I'll trust you. A man's pretty safe when his pockets are empty, I suppose."

"And even when they're full, if he is sure of his company."

"There's something in that. What a clever chap you are, Vane!"

"I am very much obliged to you for the compliment."

"Quite welcome, I am sure," answered his companion, airily. "Compliments are the only things I do pay, so it is but fair I should get the credit of them."

They walked on silently after this. Wild Will had a certain tact which caused him to respect the other's mood, which was terribly grave and subdued.

Now that they were so near the place, Captain Vane's courage almost failed him. The ordeal was a terrible one, but he must needs face it now. Still retaining his hold of the other's arm, lest he should make any effort to escape, but keeping his face averted, he came to the stile where Winifred was to have awaited him on that joyful day which had set so stormily, as it seemed to him, ages ago.

At last, he stood still.

"How delightfully rural!" exclaimed Wild Will, irrepressibly. "You don't mean to say you like this kind of thing?"

"Like it! Heaven forbid!" was the stern reply.

"Then what was the use—" Wild Will began, and stopped short.

If reckless, he was not quite callous, and the look of agony in the other's eye touched even him.

"I say, old fellow," he added, quite gently, "what is it? Hadn't you better come away?"

He guessed all then, and it made him pitiful, in spite of himself.

"Poor girl!" he said, softly, under his breath. "It was hard. Come, Vane; cheer up, old boy, and take a cigar. It will help you through—it will, indeed."

It was the best consolation he had to offer; but it failed lamentably of its effect.

"Go away, and leave me," said Captain Vane, in a harsh, discordant voice. "I am best alone."

"But you won't drown yourself, old fellow?"

"No, no."

With this, he left him, and slowly retraced his steps to the house, puffing rather moodily at his cigar. The other fought his battle alone.

At the garden-gate he came upon Madeleine; and Madeleine being one of those soft, sympathetic little women, in whom it is pleasant to confide, he told her everything. She listened silently, but a puzzled expression came over her face; and her father joining them at the moment, she briefly capitulated the facts of the case, and appealed to him for a solution of the mystery.

The squire had a jackdaw in his hand, he was teaching to talk. It was a poor, lame bird, one of the keepers had wounded by mistake, and had a doleful way of hopping about on its one sound leg; but the old man seemed wonderfully fond of it all the same; and when you came upon the master, you might be sure that his devoted satellite was not far off.

The squire was so occupied in trying to make the bird imitate certain sounds, that he did not even appear to hear his daughter's question, until she touched his arm to draw attention, and said, "Papa, don't you think it rather strange Captain Vane should have taken Cousin Will *there*?"

"No, not at all," he answered, rather shortly for him; and resumed his lesson.

"But, papa, what could have been his motive?"

"When you come to my age," he replied, "you will be content to take things as they are, Madeleine, without diving beneath the surface for possible motives. Perhaps Captain Vane acted from a mere impulse he could not account for himself."

Madeleine was silent, but she did not look convinced. Her woman's sympathy taught her that the young officer must have endured unutterable misery in visiting such a spot with a comparative stranger, and one who gained so much by his loss.

Some strong purpose must have led him there, or the effort would have been impossible.

So Madeleine reasoned; but, although naturally penetrating, she could not find any clue to the mystery; whilst her father, who had it in his power to enlighten her, chose to be silent.

Captain Vane did not appear at luncheon; but at dinner he came quietly in, and took his usual place. He was terribly grave, ate very little, and spoke less. But he was evidently soothed by Madeleine's manner, which was full of unspoken sympathy and regret. All through the evening she set herself to help and comfort him, with the same exquisite tact and kind feeling.

She sang to him unwearyingly; the quiet plash of the summer rain on the leaves and flowers coming softly through the open window in every pause of her song.

The old squire was asleep on the sofa. Wild Will, finding the atmosphere too oppressive, had strolled out, and was exciting the admiration and astonishment of the young farmers spending a sociable hour together in the private parlor of the "Red Lion."

"Weary, so weary of living;
Weary for sympathy, too,"

sang Madeleine in her sweet, yearning voice; whilst Captain Vane's head sank lower and lower on his breast. She stopped presently, and turned her white profile away from him to listen to the quiet fall of the rain, and draw in a deep breath of that indescribable perfume which strikes up from the damp earth and moist leaves.

"I wonder where Cousin Will is gone?" she said, presently.

She had fancied her father asleep; but the cessation of the music had probably roused him, for he raised his head, and answered, "I fancy I heard him go up-stairs when you began to sing."

"I think he is out," observed Captain Vane, making a great effort to steady his voice. "He said something about taking a short stroll and I smelt his cigar in the hall just now."

The squire shook his head with a melancholy air.

"I am afraid poor Will is a hopeless case. There is not much harm in him that I can discover; but he has no stability of character—nothing to lay hold of. I hope I am wrong, but that is my impression."

"He is a great deal better than I expected," said Madeleine.

"Is he, my dear? Then, perhaps, I am too easily discouraged. But I was painfully impressed by something he said yesterday about loving money better than his soul."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Madeleine, with a shocked air; "that must have been one of his reckless jokes! It is impossible that he should have meant it."

"The greed of gold is the great curse of humanity," answered the old squire, a strange light and glitter in his pale eyes. "It makes honest men rogues, true men hypocrites, and wise men fools. Its evil glamour even penetrates the blank eyeballs of the blind, and poisons their brain. It was not death that was given as our curse, after all—it was the greed of gold."

"But, papa," said Madeleine, in a softly surprised tone, "this does not affect us. We do not worship money."

"No, no!" he returned, suddenly subsiding. "All the better, my child."

And then he glanced at the clock.

"We won't wait for William any longer, my dear. Let us have our tea."

They had scarcely finished, when the young man came in, his face flushed and excited; and although very conversational, he gave no explanation of his absence, except to remark that it rained like the deuce, whereby he might have intended them to understand that he had been out.

"You don't seem to have got wet," was the squire's quiet comment.

But Wild Will did not hear him, evidently, for he made no answer.

"I hear there are some trout in the mill-stream," the young man said, presently. "I think I shall try and catch some for lunch to-morrow. Are you fond of trout, Madeleine?"

"Not particularly," she answered, rather coldly, for she did not quite like the freedom of his manner to-night, and fancied he was scarcely sober.

Wild Will's face fell a little, and there was a short silence. When they glanced at him presently, he was fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock he had not roused, and the squire told his daughter not to wait up, as she looked a little pale.

"I needn't keep you, either," he added, turning courteously to Captain Vane. "I have had a nap, and feel quite fresh."

"But why shouldn't we wake him up?" Madeleine asked.

"Nay, my love, it is as well so. I want a few words with him on business, when he rouses."

"You are not angry, papa?" she whispered, as she stooped to give her good-night kiss.

"Angry, my love! Why, I went to sleep myself just now!"

Reassured and greatly relieved, Madeleine retired to rest. But her father's manner was so unusually severe, that it frightened her.

Captain Vane soon followed her example, and went to his own room. But it was a long while before he attempted to lie down. His mind was too restless and agitated to make repose possible as yet.

He paced his room drearily for a couple of hours, and then, the emotion of the day having exhausted him, he threw himself across the bed, and closed his heavy eyes.

Contrary to his expectations, he presently fell asleep.

But he had a strange dream. Winifred came and bent over him—so close, that her breath fanned his cheek, and murmured, in a tone of despair, "Your only clue is lost! You cannot avenge me now!"

"Oh, my darling—my darling!" he cried, holding out his yearning arms; "come back to me! I am so lonely and lost without my little love!"

But she glided slowly away from him—fading gradually out until of her sweet presence nothing was left for his waking eyes but a flickering shadow, as the candle, with a wild gasp, expired in its socket.

It was a dark, rainy night, and not even a single star gleamed in the sombre sky. He could just see where the window was, because the gloom lightened ever so little there, but that was all.

He could not, of course, disturb the household in order to procure another light, and assure himself of the safety of his treasure, but he did not sleep again.

He lay waiting for morning, which came tardily, and thick with fog. It was still drizzling, but very calm and still, the mist hiding the flower-beds, and hanging like a veil over the lawn, when he rose, and looked out.

It was light enough now for his purpose, and he went to the drawer, where, since he had come to The Hermitage, he had kept the remnant of cloth he had found by the side of the stream, and which was meant to serve the grand purpose of his life.

It was gone.

He searched frantically in every corner, took out each thing separately and examined it with care, and even lifted the paper; but the thing he looked for was not there.

His dream had come true: the only clue he had to Winifred's destroyer was lost.

He almost raved in the anguish of this discovery. Then, growing a little calmer, he sat down on the edge of the bed, and pondered the question deeply in his own mind.

Who could have robbed him? The drawer had always been kept locked, and the key never out of his possession, that he could remember; and yet his treasure was gone. As soon as he heard any of the household astir, he left the room and went down stairs to find the housemaid.

Jane was busy dusting the drawing-room, but looked up with an air of great surprise when she saw Captain Vane.

"Dear me!" she said, smiling to show her pretty white teeth. "How you did startle me, sir! Is there anything you want?"

The young officer explained that he had lost something out of his room; hastening to add—seeing Jane's offended look—that it was nothing of the least value to any one but himself—a mere rag of brown cloth, with a button of the same color attached thereto.

"I thought you might possibly have found it on the floor, and swept it away," he went on. "It looked so useless, I should not have wondered if you had."

But Jane was quite sure that she had done nothing of the kind; whilst wondering in her own mind what a gentleman could want with such rubbish as a "mere rag of brown cloth"—unless the button happened to be a diamond or a pearl.

Getting no satisfaction here, he went wandering distractedly about the house and garden, searching hopelessly for that which he knew could not be there.

About eight o'clock, the squire, who was an early riser, catching sight of Captain Vane from the drawing-room window, came out, and joined him. He was placid and smiling; and his shining hair seemed to light up his serene face, like the halo that encircles the head of some saint.

"You are up betimes," he said, extending his hand cordially to the young officer. "You haven't seen our erratic cousin by any chance?"

"Do you mean William—de Lacy?" inquired Captain Vane, huskily.

"Ah!"

"No; I have not."

"He is not in his room," pursued the squire. "He made me promise to call him early, as he was to catch some trout for breakfast; but I can't find him anywhere."

"Perhaps he has already gone fishing?" suggested the captain.

"Well, that's just possible," returned the squire, placidly.

At this moment Jane came out with a letter in her hand, which she took to her master.

"Good morning, Jane," he said benevolently, as he opened it; and then he turned to Captain Vance. "This is from the young gentleman; let us see what he says."

"5 A. M. Just off. Thanks for all your goodness; but I've just got heart enough to feel that another meal in your house would choke me downright. Tell Madeleine to keep a little faith in me, in spite of all she may hear. I don't expect she will ever see me again, for I am going abroad directly; but, somehow, I should like to stand well with her, although, may be, it is but a foolish fancy, worthy of

"WILD WILL."

Captain Vane gave a cry like the cry of an animal wounded to death.

"Don't stop me!" he said, hoarsely. "Whatever happens, I must follow that man."

And, before the squire could put out a hand to stay him, he had darted into the house, taken his hat and coat from the hall, and dashed out again across the lawn, leaping the flower-beds in his way, and so disappeared through the little gate that led into the adjoining lane.

"Well, well; all the better," said the old squire, addressing the jackdaw, who was looking up at him with a contemplative eye; "we shall have a little peace now. You are not sorry, I am sure; nor am I."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A STRANGE FATHER.

It is now necessary that without further delay we should follow in the footsteps of Maud Meriton, or, as we know her now to be, Lucy Mordaunt, the sole heiress of the house of that name.

When her mother, alarmed and terrified at the presence of Hubert Mordaunt, as she thought, ordered her home under the charge of her maid, the young girl gladly obeyed. The publicity and excitement of such a scene as that of the green-room of the opera was too much for her, and she was glad to be relieved from it.

She accordingly wrapped her cloak closely around her, drew on her hat, and followed Martha to the stage-door, where the carriages of the principal performers awaited them.

The night was dark, the vestibule crowded, so that both the young girl and her attendant were glad to hear a groom advance and address her—

"Your carriage is this way."

They followed, delighted that they had so little trouble, and Maud, entering, bade Martha follow her.

This done, the steps were raised, the door shut, and the horses started off at a rapid pace. Maud cast herself in one corner, the maid in another; nor did they speak one word until they found themselves checked in their progress.

The door opened, and both alighted, to find themselves in a stable-yard at the back of a house which was quite strange to them both.

"But John," cried the girl, "you have made a mistake."

"Jim," said the other, grinning; "that's my name—and I haven't made no mistake, neither."

The door opened, and two men, both very dark, appeared, and requested them by signs to enter.

Maud was too astonished and alarmed to hesitate. In fact, she trembled so that one of the men had led her into a room, and left her alone with her maid, ere she recovered the faculty of speech.

"What can this mean?" she asked, after sitting for a moment staring at her companion.

"Mean! why, that we've been and gone and let ourselves be trapped. Some man has fallen in love with you, miss, and carried you off," said Martha, in a tone of indignant remonstrance.

"But we do not live in the days when such things are possible," replied Maud, in a tone which, however, contradicted her words by its tremulousness.

"Oh, miss, you don't know London. Money will do anything almost, and be sure it's some impudent fellow who has fallen in love with you."

"Martha," replied the young girl, in a low, earnest tone of voice, that was both sweet and beseeching, "be sure of one thing—my affections are wholly and irrevocably given to one person, and no other can win them. I value my life dearly, and my father and mother's love, too; but, before I will accept the hideous sacrifice of another man's affections, I will die."

"Don't talk so, miss. We ain't savages, nor monsters. If a man is a little mad, he won't hurt you," cried the girl, really beginning to be terrified.

"Mad!" said a low, earnest, but harsh tone. "Who talks of madness?"

They turned, and close to them stood the person known in the world and to society as Hubert Treherne Mordaunt.

Maud rose and faced him boldly, while Martha shrank away, quite terrified, in an arm-chair.

"Who and what are you, and why do you dare to bring me here?" asked the brave young girl.

"Who and what I am matters not—what I have done is my right. Too long have you been secreted from your father—too long have you been in the power of your wicked and scheming mother," he replied, fixing his eyes in a sullen way upon her.

"You my father! Never! My father is good, and gentle and kind."

"Your father is Hubert Treherne Mordaunt—now before you," said the other, hotly, "whom his wife has abandoned, and until she returns to me—until she acknowledges me as her husband—you are my legal prisoner."

Now, it was hard to say what were the motives of the speaker. Whether he intended to guarantee his position by the acknowledgment of Lucy, the heiress, or whether he had any other sinister motive, the young girl had no clue.

She was shaken most terribly in her convictions. Her mother regarded this man as her husband; she spoke of him as a wicked man who had kept them separate for many years. Who, then, was he who had hitherto made life so dear to her? Only an adopted parent?

No—it could not be; and in this spirit, Maud replied—

"My mother has said you are my father; but I do not, will not, believe it," was her answer.

"Your mother has said so," he exclaimed, with a cunning gleam of the eye; "she should know best—a strange daughter to contradict her mother."

"My mother is mistaken—my father is like you, very like you—but his smile is sweet and gentle, his look is kind."

"Ah!" cried the other, with a look both of fury and terror, "where is the man who dares to be like me—that I may tear his heart out? But no, you say this to insult and try me. I will leave you now. Beware how you thwart me! My servants will give you supper, and then you can retire to your room. To-morrow you shall know my pleasure."

And he hurried away, as if suddenly influenced by some overpowering impulse.

He stepped rapidly until he came to his private dressing-room, where he cast himself upon a couch, and struck a gong.

His look was strangely wild and fierce.

Scarcely had the sound subsided, than the half Oriental-looking page entered with a rapid step.

The man made a sign, and the other, with a deep sigh, hastened to give him the long end of a pipe, which he kneeled to light.

As he did so, a strange acrid perfume overspread the apartment, which would have betrayed to any sensitive nostril that he was smoking opium, or, rather, the mixture of opium and hempseed, called hasheesh.

The page watched him with a sad glance that was half pity, half regret. He, however, made no effort to communicate with his master, who, after vigorously inhaling the fearful and delusive narcotic, which, perhaps, more than any other lowers and degrades humanity, sank into a mere lump of breathing flesh, and presently slept.

The page threw himself on a mat at his feet, and after a long time, spent in sighing and weeping, went off himself into an uneasy and sullen slumber.

Meanwhile Maud and her maid were waited upon by silent domestics, who, after placing before them a rich and tempting supper, left them for a short time to themselves.

Encouraged by the example of Martha, and a little by her health and youth, Maud, after some hesitation, made a hearty meal, and even indulged in a hope that the adventure upon which they had fallen was a trial.

An hour later they were shown to a double bed-room, stoutly barred, where, without ceremony, they were locked in.

Maud frowned at this, and much of her alarm and dread returned.

Still, she had with such actual fear and trembling regarded the prospect of being placed in a room alone, that this double confinement was an actual relief.

But sleep was the last thing thought of, and she would have probably watched all night, save that Martha, being of a heavier and more material nature, soon yawned, and impelled her, for the sake of companionship, to follow her example.

Their breakfast was brought to them in their room, with an intimation that they would be expected to join Mr. Hubert Mordaunt at luncheon.

The attendant looked strangely at Maud.

"I couldn't think of such a thing, miss—the idea, lunching with a gentleman!" cried Martha.

"Martha, whatever time my captivity may last—whatever number of weeks, or days, or months, I am in the power of this man—you cease to be my attendant, and become my friend. I cannot and will not be alone with this man. The very sight of him gives me the horrors. So do remain beside me, Martha—and when I am released, my mother shall reward you."

"I'll just do as you please, miss," replied the girl, who was one of that simple and rare style who are not injured by kindness or familiarity.

And thus it happened that at one o'clock that day, Maud and her attendant were ushered into an apartment where the master of the house awaited them.

The stupor produced by the opium had not improved his looks. He was lividly pale; his eyes started from their orbits; he almost staggered as he raised himself to receive his guests.

In the prime of his life—not five-and-forty years of age, which, however it may be the case with women, is an age generally favorably to men—the *soi-disant* Hubert Mordaunt was thin, angular, and wan. He appeared, to use an emphatic phrase, to have lived himself out—to have become, in the place of what he once was, a shadowy man.

He did not look at them. He had a habit of evading the glances of people as much as possible.

"Be seated," he said, as if utterly unaware that the humble handmaiden was in company. "I wish to speak with you."

Maud took a chair at some distance from him, dragging the half-reluctant girl to her side.

"I would have you know," he said, in a hollow and unpleasant tone of voice, "that I intend leaving town to-night with you, and it is quite at your option whether you go as guests or prisoners. I am going to take you to the proper home of your youth—to the house of which you are the heiress. Once that place reached, your mother can be summoned. Now, it is quite easy for me to take you down in such a state as to prevent your claiming assistance; but if you pledge your word to obey me in all things, to place yourself at my discretion until we reach Trendledeep Manor, you shall travel as becomes your position and rank. Choose!"

"I prefer going freely," said Maud, who had reflected deeply as he spoke.

"You have chosen well for all parties. Better be friends than enemies. And now I must have your solemn promise that you will not make any attempt to hold converse with any one, that you will refuse to answer questions—and that in every way you will be guided by myself and agents."

"I solemnly promise!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" began Martha, in a petulant tone.

"Very well; you can remain behind," said the other.

"Martha!"

"Miss, I had forgotten. Whatever my mistress does, I will do. I swear!"

"That is enough, so now touch the bell near your hand, girl, and we will luncheon—you will then have until eight o'clock to prepare for your journey. Our first day's progress will not be a long one, as we shall not go direct to Trendledeep, which is not ready."

The bell was rung, and then, by a singular exertion of mental power, their persecutor became the affable and courteous gentleman he could be at times, with a strange seductiveness of manner which had won for him such a high position in many a Court of Europe.

But, like all who suffer from permanent or temporary derangement, he was deeply cunning. His present purpose was to win the favor of this girl at any price. What his ultimate object was, it was hard to say; and so he handed her dishes, poured her out delicate *liqueurs* in infinitesimal glasses, and was even loftily attentive to Martha.

This, however, was productive of the contrary effect to what he might have expected, for he so terrified and alarmed the soul of that young lady that she could scarcely swallow a morsel, though her luncheon was as delicious as cooking could make it.

As soon as they had finished, he rose, bade them remain awhile, while he made some arrangements for their future comfort, and retired to consult with his head domestic—the silent and gloomy-looking dark man already alluded to.

Scarcely was his back turned, than, to the infinite amusement of Maud, the girl popped a whole partridge on her plate, filled a glass of wine, and began her luncheon with infinite relish.

The domestic, who was out of doors supposed to be speechless, was, when alone with his master, a surly enough personage.

His master fastened the door ere he addressed him.

"You impudent impostor!" he said, brandishing a pocket pistol; "*he* is out of confinement—has been for years!"

"I know it," replied the other, with perfect or assumed indifference; "so put down that thing, or it may be the worse for you."

"Out! And I not know it?" cried his master, secreting the weapon.

"These fourteen or fifteen years," continued the other; "but as he was far more frightened of you than you can be of him, it wasn't worth my while to worry you, especially as such matters are apt to set you off."

"How?" asked the other.

"Mad," said the man, fixing his eyes with a hard, menacing expression upon the other's face.

"Hush! You are as bad as the others. Don't say that again or I shall believe I am mad. No—no! Perhaps you are right. He is the madman."

"Exactly," explained the other. "The thing is just this: you are Mr. Hubert Mordaunt, whose twin-brother Albert, being insane from his youth, has been confined in Gibbersmoor House. His mania now is that he is the real heir, the eldest son—that he, in fact, is Hubert, and not Albert."

"Yes—yes!"

"But, fearing that he may be put back in the house from which he has escaped, he has contrived to live on a small pittance for many years. Why is such a man to be feared?"

"Because this man believes he has a daughter; because this man can see a hope of happiness, and power and enjoyment, if he can dispossess me," repeated the other.

"Tell me all," said his valet, calmly.

His employer did.

Now, this man was a discharged keeper from the very madhouse in which the person they spoke of had been confined—discharged for his brutality and roughness, and his present position was owing to an accident.

He knew the secrets of that fearful prison-house, and having recognized his present master in London, forced an interview, which ended in his being engaged as his domestic, his chief manager, with a tacit understanding that when his worst fits were on him, he should further be his keeper.

"Humph!" said this fellow, as soon as he was fully made acquainted with the present aspect of affairs. "This is awkward. The girl will set them on your track. Your course is clear."

"Speak out."

"*He* must finally be got rid of," was the coolly-expressed reply, "unless you would be robbed of your rights."

"Yes," whispered the other, advancing almost close to him. "He must, shall be, got rid of, and she too, and her daughter."

"You are for wholesale murder, master."

"Fellow, I have known poverty, submission, slavery, the worst that can be endured, and now, when every earthly blessing is mine, there stand in the way three shadows—a man, a woman, and a child. Do you think I would return to stripes and prison when I can rid myself of every fear? No! Perish rather all in my way."

"You are quite right, master—the serpent, the she-serpent, and the cockatrice!" said the ruffian, with a grin.

There was a ferocious gleam in his employer's eyes which might have given him a hint that even he might be included in the number of those whom it were wise to get rid of; but Richards was a bold, reckless man, who fancied himself quite able to take care of himself.

It was accordingly settled that Maud and her maid should go down in charge of the master and two servants, while Richards should see that the others followed in due course.

The town establishment was to be wholly broken up for the present.

That day Cecil Mordaunt called three times, but the master of the house refused to see him, sending out the usual stereotyped phrase of "Not at home." Cecil wrote:—

"As a friend see me. Strong and strange suspicions hang over you. From some motive, which it is not for me to define, you are suspected to have in your possession the great treasure of my love.

"CECIL."

The note was thrown out upon the pavement, and the door banged in his face.

The young man walked away with a full and breaking heart.

When he came home, he found his father and mother anxiously awaiting him. He had not been home all night, and Kate and her father had spent the evening with them.

"My son," said Sir Vincent Mordaunt, "you are acting ungenerously, both to your father and your mother. Your marriage with Kate has been the dream of our life, and I have stringent reasons for wishing it should take place at once."

Cecil was not in a conciliatory mood. He was chafed. His cool dismissal by Mr. Meriton, his refusal at the door of Hubert Treherne, had made him sore in spirit. He could not restrain himself.

"I regret much," he said, earnestly, "that I must decline the honor of an alliance with the house of Mowbray. My mind is resolutely made up. I like Kate—she is a dear girl, indeed—but she can never be my wife."

"Why, sir?" asked the father, while the mother would have intervened. "Allow me, Blanche, to bring this boy to his senses."

"Because I love another to whom I am pledged heart and soul."

"The actress's child?" began the baronet.

"Yes, she who is called Lucilla della Rocca; but I have every reason to believe that her real name is Lucy Mordaunt."

"Boy, you are mad! There is no such person—there was one," urged the baronet, glancing uneasily at his wife, and ignoring his statement to his son in private.

"Pardon me, sir! The girl exists of that name. Her father and mother both reject and repel me, but she loves me, and my word is plighted."

"Lucy Mordaunt! But ostensibly Hubert Mordaunt has no children," said the baronet, in a whirl of amazement. "It is true he had a wife once; but she left him."

"It is, I am sure, the child of that marriage that I love. My instincts, and many things too minute to be explained, assure me of it."

"No matter! Cecil, the child of Lucy Merton and Hubert Treherne shall be no daughter of mine. It is my belief that this man is wifeless and childless, and that I am his sole heir. The persons you allude to must be impostors. Any way, I shall treat them as such, for there is a fend between us which stands like a gulf that you may not cross. Cecil, be wise and reasonable; marry this good girl, who will make you happy, happier far than the daughter of that woman, even if she be the heiress of the Mordaunts."

"Let Cecil have time to reflect," said his wife gently.

"I leave him in your hands," replied the baronet; "but my mind is made up. This Hubert Mordaunt is a notorious dreamer, and one whose life is a mystery. With such a man—with any one connected with him—will I have nothing to do."

And he went out.

"Cecil, you must be wise. It were better not to anger your father, who I know has special reasons for disliking this woman, if it be the same."

"My father knew her?"

"I cannot say for certainty that it is the same. For nineteen years we have held no communion with the Mordaunts of Trendledeep; but as long ago as I speak of, when your father was undoubted heir of the vast estates and possessions of the Dartmoor Mordaunts, a girl mysteriously appeared, a woman very much like an actress, whom the Lady Hester Mordaunt declared to be her granddaughter and heiress. Then the old lady died; the girl married a Treherne, who took the Mordaunt name, and then she disappeared, not without suspicion of foul play, which was much aggravated when her husband took up a solitary life, shunned society and went abroad, shutting up his ancestral home, and leaving it to ruin and desolation."

"Well, mother, I cannot think evil of my Maud or her mother. Remember that it is only an assertion that Maud is a Mordaunt."

"Then, my boy, you condescend to pursue a girl who, from your own account occupies a strangely anomalous position. Did you not say that she was the daughter of a Mr. Meriton, the master of the house where you lay after your accident at Hampton?"

"Yes!"

"What has raised the other suspicion in your mind, my son?"

"I can scarcely explain. What I know is a secret I may not divulge; but my conviction is positive, and my feelings are too much engaged to change, even if she be merely the actress's child."

"Cecil," said his mother, gravely, "neither I any more than your father can consent to an alliance which not only is wholly unsuitable, but which can never bring happiness. You are young, fortunately very young, to think of marriage at all, so take time to consider. Do not thwart your father—you don't, you never can know all your father has done for you. Ever since your birth he has devoted his whole life and thoughts to you in a way few fathers have ever done. Pause, therefore, ere you irritate or thwart him."

"Mother, you are good and kind, I know, and my father has been all that a father could be; but I cannot give up at a word the hope of my life. Let us speak of it no more!"

And at that very moment Sir Vincent Mordaunt was closeted in his study with Newcome Twist, who was none the pleasanter for being older.

"Sir, I discharged you twenty years ago, found your accounts wrong, made you refund largely—why, then, do you meddle with my affairs now?" said the baronet, sharply.

"Exactly; because not only you discharged me twenty years ago, and extorted money from me, but because you did me a much more grievous wrong. I had a daughter, whom I intended you to marry."

"Indeed, sir; very much like your impudence," said the baronet, hotly.

"I don't think so. But for a lucky legacy, and the advice of Lady Mordaunt, you would have been glad of my daughter and my money; but it happened otherwise, and now that the wheel of fortune has turned, I can requite you and her ladyship, for her son is not your heir."

"You have announced that already; but I do not believe you. The child of a connection which I always thought was not a legal marriage, died."

"Lives, I say—a stout and hearty man—and unless your terms are very heavy, shall oust your boy from his estate and make him a beggar," was the fierce and dogged reply.

"Your terms, sir?"

"Half your income."

"Fellow, I flatly refuse. If there be any one who has such a claim as you assert, better let him come forward and take that which is fair and just than be in your power. Go!"

"Very good, sir; one word more. During the last twenty years I have not lost sight of the family pedigree, and I have discovered that, at an expense comparatively trifling, you could be dispossessed of titles and estates, at any time, by any male descendant of Hugh Mordaunt. Your whole position rests upon a rotten basis."

"Very good, sir. Sell your information to the highest bidder, but leave my house. Such repulses as you are but treated with defiance and contempt. Go!"

And Newcome Twist, the dream of whose life had been to see his daughter a lady, moving in fashionable circles, instead of the wife of a well-to-do tradesman, went out, resolved to do his worst.

CHAPTER XLV.

A QUARREL.

Captain Arundell had glided into love for the daughter of his friend, the Signorina della Rocca, with a rapidity that was amazing to himself. We have clearly intimated that at first he had seen no connection between her and the beloved of Cecil Mordaunt.

When he discovered the identity, he was under the impression that the young and feeble guardsman had forgotten her.

He knew that he had the favor of the mother, and he had but little fear of winning the favor of the child.

The captain was well aware that though very young girls would consider him rather old than otherwise, in society he was held to be a young man. It is wonderful how the dear creatures change between sixteen and twenty.

At the former age, a man of thirty is held to be old; at the latter age, the very thing.

But the gallant officer began at once, as the idea of marriage entered his head, to calculate the ways and means. He was an officer in a crack regiment, and had always drawn a thousand a year through Balthazar or John Haldane, from a fund to be placed at his disposal at any time he wished.

The captain knew nothing of his family.

"Your father and mother were married," said John Haldane, "that I know. Your mother was a near and dear relative of mine; of your father I will not speak—personally I dislike him; but let bygones be bygones. You have a competence—it fructifies in my hands—be content, then, while I live; at my death you will have everything."

And the captain had been satisfied.

But now it was different. When it became clear to him that the signorina wished his marriage with her daughter, and the spell of the charmer fell upon him with irresistible force, his first thought was to examine into his means.

His motives in rejecting the overtures of the slimy-looking lawyer were incident to his character. To gain a fortune and a name he must dispossess somebody else; and he was sufficiently satisfied just then with his own position not to desire to purchase a rise in life by any such painful process.

But now it was different.

On the same morning that saw the lady of his love at luncheon with Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, the captain had ridden out to see the signorina, whom he found ill and overwhelmed with grief at the abduction of her daughter.

By the exercise of great discretion the whole affair had been kept out of the newspapers.

The signorina began to explain the story fully.

"She has not eloped with a favored lover?" said the captain, with a hot flush upon his face.

"No," replied the mother; "she has been cruelly abducted by one who has ever been my bitter enemy, Hubert Mordaunt."

At the earnest desire of her husband she entered into no explanation even to the captain.

"The vampire!" cried the amazed captain.

"Yes; for some purpose which I cannot fathom, he has stolen her away. We have set spies to watch his house, but she has neither been seen to enter nor leave it. Now it were better she were in the arms of death than in those of this man. His love is more to be feared than his hate."

"But how to reach him? His residence is guarded like a castle—"

"He will take her down to Trendledeep, of that I am sure. There a bold and ready hand might do something. Oh, captain! do you go and save my child; and if, as I hope, she is dear to you, you have a mother's word that she shall be yours. She is no beggar's brat; but holds a high position, from which she is only kept by cruel fate."

"I will do everything in my power. I do love her, madam, love her dearly; and ask no greater reward than to give her my name—no very grand one—and to devote my life to her happiness. I will take leave at once, and start on his track."

And he hurried away, in the first instance to visit John Haldane, whom he found in his study in no very pleasant humor, poring over books. His daughter sat at no great distance. As he entered she rose, and glided unnoticed from the room.

"My dear friend," said Captain Arundell, hastily, "I merely call on business. I want a couple of hundred pounds."

"Sit down, sir," said the other, gravely. "You are in a hurry, but I shall not detain you long. Why do you neglect us, why do we see so little of you now, and why this sudden urgent demand for money?"

"My good friend, from any one else such questions would be impertinent. I believe I visit you more than I do any one else, esteeming you and your daughter more than most people."

"You are very good, sir!"

"As to the money, believing it to be my own, I ask for it. Still, for old friendship's sake, and for all you have done for me, I will explain. I require the money to seek the girl who is to be my wife, stolen by a villain."

"The girl who is to be your wife?" gasped John Haldane, white and trembling with rage. "This to me! You are engaged to be married, and have not told me?"

"You excite yourself needlessly, my old friend; the affair is but a few days old. I have not known the Signorina della Rocca long."

"The Signorina della Rocca—the daughter of a singer—an Italian opera-woman!" cried John Haldane, forgetting all his old generous feelings in his disappointment. "Man, you have much to answer for! And pray may I ask what you intend marrying on?"

"Sir, you become strangely offensive in your tone. I have been given to understand by you that I have means enough for competence."

"Not a penny—without my will you are a nameless beggar. And it is for this that the best years of my life have been wasted?" cried John Haldane, passionately.

"A beggar—why?"

"Man, are you blind? Have I not a daughter, rich, beautiful, accomplished, and is she not unmarried? Has she not rejected every offer made her, and have I not encouraged her—hoping still against hope that the darling dream of my life and hers should be realized?"

"You wish me to wed Eleanor?" said the captain, dreamily.

"Yes—such has been the wish of my life."

"I have ever considered her as a sister."

"Fatal error! But now you know it as such. You have been dear to me for many reasons. You are my sister's child, the son of one dear to me and to my wife—and hence it is that from your childhood I have been your guardian, protected you, pushed you in life—for you and her, I have saved until great wealth will be your store if you wed."

"And if I decline?"

"Walter, do not break an old man's heart," said the other, kindly.

"I cannot give up the one sweet hope of my life," replied the captain.

"Then go! We part here and forever," gasped John Haldane.

"And you decline to explain my true position—decline to tell me from what source I have drawn my income?" said the captain, in a harsh and hollow tone.

"I do."

"Then will I accept the offer of Newcome Twist to find me a father," replied the young soldier.

"Such an offer has been made you, and you never told me!" said John Haldane.

"I trusted you as a parent—but, having rejected this offer, I thought no more of it."

"Boy, boy, we will not quarrel! Take the money—go to the task you have undertaken, and when you return, I will tell you your real history—place you in your true position. Leave me now," he said, handling him a check; "I require rest, and calm, and time to think."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAWYER'S LUNCHEON.

The manor-house of Trendledeep had been neglected twenty years—during seven, however, of which the proprietor was at home, while, during the rest, it was given up to a housekeeper selected by the town solicitors, and who, like the firm itself, was a most respectable, incorruptible old woman.

Stevens, Sharpe and Grossbeak were first-rate men, the last-mentioned newly-initiated into the secrets of the firm. He it was who now chiefly attended to the Mordaunt affairs, went down and collected the rents, and saw to everything in the way of repairs, leases and so on.

As, in consideration of all this, he was allowed to shoot over the estate, and even lunch at the manor-house, he looked upon all affairs connected with the Devonshire property as exceedingly pleasant, and even when dining in the grand apartments allowed a comfortable sense of ownership to creep over him, which was, to say the least of it, exceedingly exhilarating.

When the firm, therefore, were requested to renovate the mansion, as far as it could be renovated in a month, Mr. Grossbeak went down himself and saw to the proceedings.

In the immediate neighborhood and among the tenants his unexpected arrival caused great excitement, but in the county generally the name of the old family was cast aside, not forgotten exactly, but considered one of the things of the past.

The tenants and others personally connected with the house were, however, naturally excited enough. What did this portend? A return to a normal state of things appeared incredible. Everybody had lost all hope of seeing a generous master, a proud and happy lady, a family of boys and girls.

People spoke in a low tone of the possible heir, Sir Vincent Mordaunt, who, failing direct offspring to Lucy, would take the estates. His old reputation had remained in Devon, none being aware of the wondrous change made in the worldly roué by a good wife, and the cessation of pecuniary troubles.

But as none can tell who will report their words, little was said about either the present owner of Trendledeep or of the apparent heir.

At the end of the month all was ready, and the workmen who had been employed discharged.

Mr. Grossbeak did not know exactly what to do, so thought it more prudent not to remain at the mansion. Mr. Hubert Mordaunt was known to be an eccentric character. Still, he resolved to be present on the arrival of the master of the house, and give up the keys, as it were, in person.

In the meantime, he selected that comfortable inn, the Red Lion, by John Bliss, as his headquarters. That worthy—who was now stout and white-haired and jolly as ever, with the addition of a boy almost as stout as himself, and whose wife was more genial than of yore—had much enlarged his premises.

The manor-house was ready, the painters had left it, the last touch had been given in every department, and the domestics were all arrayed in their best at twelve o'clock, the hour at which the master was announced to arrive.

Mr. Grossbeak had sent away his portmanteau, quite assured that a man like Mr. Mordaunt would not inquire too particularly into where he had spent the previous night, and now, with the slightest feeling of nervousness, awaited the arrival of the man whom, though the firm had served him so long, he had never seen.

The foreign domestics of the master had arrived, and were turning many of the arrangements made by the lawyer topsy-turvy, much to his indignation and astonishment. Mr. Grossbeak, with something of a frown, retreated to the dining-room which overlooked the great avenue by which the house was reached, and there awaited the master in no very enviable mood.

He had quite determined at luncheon-time, between the raised pie and the glass of sherry, to speak a bit of his mind.

At this moment an open carriage, with four horses and outriders, dashed up the avenue, and drew up before the door. Within it was seated a pale, sinister, sarcastic looking man, with by his side a girl so extremely lovely that the lawyer found himself for a moment gazing open-mouthed at the apparition.

Next instant he had rushed out into the hall, and, with hat in hand, welcomed Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt.

That person, elevating his eyebrows, and putting up a double gold glass, surveyed him with an air of utter bewilderment.

"And what may be your position in the household, my man, that you presume to address me?" he asked, in his harshest tones, while Maud, who was very white and timid, hung on his arm in a deprecating way.

"I am your lawyer—your steward," said the other, who was very red in the face, "and I thought it my duty to see personally to your directions being carried out."

"You are very good, I am sure," replied the master of the house, with a cold smile; "pray charge for your civility in your bill. Good morning! I will write when I wish to see you again."

And Mr. Grossbeak, a rising young man, a member of an important firm, a fellow of several learned societies, and well-known in the clubs, found himself walking, five minutes later, in a very bewildered state in the park.

He had been very unceremoniously shown the door by two of the foreign domestics, and was now hurrying along in the direction of his inn in a state of cold perspiration.

Alas for his visions of luncheon and sherry with the master of Trendledeep!

Grossbeak, in the heat of the moment, registered a solemn vow to be revenged, and most bitterly did he keep his vow.

That act of insolent incivility was the worst morning's work ever done in his life by the person who reigned for the nonce at Trendledeep Manor.

The young lawyer at length paused, wiped his forehead, took off his hat, and, after uttering one or two not very complimentary expressions with regard to Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, took a pathway that led by the fields in the direction of the Red Lion.

The loss of his luncheon was not so very terrible an event, but, added to the slur upon his dignity, it piled hot coals of fire on his head.

In this mood he reached the highway, and stood shortly after before the surprised John Bliss, who knew of his intentions.

"Back, sir, already?" that worthy remarked.

"Yes; I will take luncheon, if you please!" replied the other, in rather an irritated tone.

"Oh!" said John, as he backed into his bar, "I thought you were going to lunch with Mr. Hubert Mordaunt at the manor-house."

"Lunch with a rugged Russian bear!" replied the lawyer, fiercely. "'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,' than sit down with such a fellow. And now, what can you give me to eat, for I am famishing?"

The landlord was about to scratch his head, as a kind of preliminary indication of a hitch somewhere, when a plainly-dressed gentleman, with long, iron-gray hair and green spectacles, drew the landlord on one side, and a few words were interchanged.

"Very good, sir! Mr. Grossbeak, this gentleman is just about to lunch—cold fowl, ham, cheese—if you wouldn't object to join him he will be most happy."

"With pleasure," said the sharp man of the world. "Quite a treat to be in company with a real gentleman, after leaving such a bear as the master of Trendledeep."

And so the two were ushered into the very best parlor of the inn, where a most excellent repast was laid out.

Some very commonplace conversation took place during the simple meal; a glass of wine or two were partaken of, and then Grossbeak, by way of soothing his feelings, proposed a cigar. This being acceded to, he rose to lower the window, preparatory to lighting up.

"Now, sir!" said a voice that made his very heart leap, and turning, to his utter dismay, he saw on the table a wig and green spectacles, and, facing him, the pale countenance of Hubert Mordaunt—yes, of Hubert Treherne Mordaunt!

He could not speak; he remembered all he had said of his employer, and was obliged to clutch a chair and seat himself.

"Don't be alarmed," said the other, with a sickly smile. "I only assumed that villain's voice a moment to try you. You have had your wish of this morning quite gratified—you have lunched with Hubert Mordaunt."

"Then, sir, in the name of—never mind, sir, I am a lawyer, and won't swear—who was that I saw this morning at the house?"

"The usurper of my name, my property—and now the kidnapper of my daughter," replied the other. "But, before we go any further, Mr. Grossbeak, are you prepared, on my proving my words, to act as my friend first—as my solicitor afterward?"

"My head is in a whirl! For Heaven's sake, let me hear your explanation—and, on my honor as a man, I will do what is right sir," said the amazed lawyer.

The other resumed his wig and spectacles, rang the bell for another bottle of wine, gave directions that they should not be disturbed, and then told his story as succinctly and as briefly as possible.

"Humph! and you expect this story to be believed?" said Grossbeak, dryly.

"I have faith in the eternal principles of truth—in the justice of *Providence*," replied the other, gravely. "You appear to doubt me," he added, rising.

"My dear sir, excuse me for one moment. I spoke just now as a lawyer, I now address you as a friend. I believe every word you have said, and, so help me Heaven, will strive to reinstate you!"

The other pressed his hand warmly. They thoroughly understood each other.

"And now let us speak, both as lawyer and client, and friend and friend. Possession is a terrible difficulty to get over. For nearly twenty years this man has been recognized as Mr. Hubert Mordaunt; he has a firm hold—deeds, lawyers, everything in his favor, and now, apparently, has succeeded in persuading the beautiful young lady whom I saw this morning of his being her true parent. To go before a jury at present would be to court defeat."

"But my wife, Mrs. Mordaunt?" cried the other. "She can speak."

"Well, sir, that is the very awkwardness of the position. As both claim her as wife, as both exact the same rights, she cannot very well give evidence on either side. There is the terrible fact of your having escaped from a madhouse."

"Well, but my good sir, he escaped before me, and by his fearful and awful cunning, contrived to change our very identities," continued Hubert.

"A complicated and romantic tale to go to a jury with. My dear sir, if you will have a little patience, we may unravel the web. My earnest advice is, to wait, to bide your time. Your brother now believes himself quite safe, thinks that there is an end to all doubt and difficulty; under these circumstances he will be sure to make some blunder. At all events, Rome was not built in a day, and a few weeks may enable us to act with vigor."

"My wife! My child!"

"My good sir, I was going to say that I am almost as impatient as yourself, but, of course, that cannot be; but I will never know rest again till the truth shall prevail. Do you place yourself entirely and unreservedly in my hands?"

"In yours and your partners."

"My dear sir," said Grossbeak, biting his nails—a habit he had when annoyed and perplexed—"my partners are staid, old people, and it would take a great deal of legal evidence to persuade them of the truth of your story. If you will have confidence in me I should wait awhile ere we unbosom ourselves to them—in fact, until we are in a position to prove you, beyond a doubt, the person you now state yourself to be."

The other closed his eyes, and reflected deeply.

"You are, perhaps, right. Well, I intend remaining here for the present."

"And so do I—for a month, if necessary," cried the lawyer.

And this was one of the many results of not inviting Mr. Edward Grossbeak to luncheon at Trendledeep.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

BY CHLOE CLARK.

Down where the old orchard swept away from the house to the smooth, dusty public road—there was Mabel. Up at the house, that great rambling stone farm-house, with its wide verandahs and low windows, there was great running to and fro to find her. Naughty Mabel knew it too; for in the still afternoon air she could hear them calling her name.

"Mabel, Mabel!" they shouted; now more impatiently, and still she lingered. It was a glorious afternoon in the early May, and the late sun was beginning to find its way under the overhanging branches, and throw long fantastic shadows over the fresh green sward. But it was not the charm of the tender spring day, nor the comforts of her cosy retreat in the low, wide-spreading trunk of an old apple-tree, nor yet the delicious new book over which she had been dreaming, that made Mabel linger. There was the tiniest bit of a frown on the fair brow, and the pretty lips were drawn into a curve not at all suggesting Cupid's bow.

"I have a great notion to keep still, and let them hunt for me. I know what they want; it is Addie Green, and she has brought her cousin to call on me. I caught a glimpse of her inevitable blue dress, and heard her laugh as she passed on the road. I never did like Addie; she is so full of boarding-school nonsense, and her cousin I expect is nothing more than a city exquisite, who expects us country girls to adore him for an Apollo."

But having thus audibly given vent to her vexation, Mabel thought better of it, and gathering up her embroidery and book, sauntered leisurely toward the house.

As she crossed the lawn a glance toward the parlors showed her the city cousin comfortably ensconced in the open window, and most likely watching her approach. Now in spite of her disdain for city people in general, and Addie Green's cousin in particular, the consciousness that he was criticizing her carriage and appearance, did not add to the ease or grace of her movements. Vexed to feel a flush rising to her cheek, she tossed her pretty head disdainfully, and stepped forward loftily. But alas for human pride! Just as she came directly in front of the parlor windows, Jim, the little mulatto boy belonging to Aunt Dinah of kitchen fame, came tearing around the corner of the house in a race with old Roan, the Newfoundland dog. A shout, a collision, a dainty scream, and all three rolled on the grass together.

Then before Mabel can collect her scattered senses, a strong arm raises her gently, and a strange voice inquires with polite concern, "Are you hurt?"

"Oh, no," returns Mabel, ready to cry with mortification, and blushing painfully. Then as she glances up and meets the amused look in the dark eyes bent on hers, the ludicrousness of the affair strikes her, and instead of the tears her merry laugh assures both Addie and her cousin that she is not seriously hurt.

"And now, Mabel, if you have recovered," said Addie when they had all laughed more than the occasion seemed to demand, "allow me to introduce my cousin, Mr. Phelps."

"I am happy to meet Miss Reid under such romantic circumstances," said Mr. Phelps with a low bow.

"Pray do not think," said Mabel, laughing again, "that this is the usual form of introduction in the country; these are the special ceremonies reserved for our distinguished visitors from the city."

"I feel highly honored indeed, but I confess to being struck with astonishment and admiration at the celerity of the little darkey in extricating himself and making good his escape. I imagine he thought it was his last day, and I an avenging Gabriel come to seize him and bear him away to his just reward."

"Poor Jim, I have no doubt he is perfectly panic-stricken, and perhaps imagines he has killed me, and is fleeing the terrors of the law. It will be some time before he will have the courage to show himself about the house again."

"Why, daughter, where have you been?" said Mrs. Reid, entering the parlor as they came in through the French windows. "We have been looking for you everywhere, didn't you hear us call?"

"Yes, mamma, I have been down in Sans Souci, and I should have been here sooner but for an accident on the way."

"An accident," ejaculated Mrs. Reid.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Phelps, gravely. "A collision. A small Plutonian imp followed by a canine monster, indulging in a trial of speed, turned the corner of the house too abruptly, and ran into your daughter. I am sorry to say the shock was too much for the equilibrium of all three."

"What does he mean, Mabel?—what has happened?" said Mrs. Reid, rather bewildered than enlightened by the explanation.

"He means, mamma," said Mabel, reddening a little and with a slightly offended air, "that Jim and Roan ran around the corner of the house and threw me down."

He saw that he had not pleased by his manner of speaking of it, and with an instant change he said in a grave, courteous way—

"It *was* quite a serious affair, and I am not sure yet that your daughter is not hurt."

"Oh, no, mamma," said Mabel quickly, in reply to her mother's anxious look, "I am not at all hurt. Mr. Phelps does not mean what he says—he is only trying to make fun of me."

Which naughty speech Mr. Phelps only answered by a low bow, that still more irritated Mabel. She could hardly tell why his most courteous remarks annoyed her, but she was determined not to like this city cousin of Addie's. She had a lurking suspicion that he considered all country girls as little pieces of simplicity, to whom he could talk as he pleased, and who were to be overwhelmed with gratitude for his condescending to make himself agreeable. But she remembered that she must at least be courteous to her guest, so she made him some gay little speech, begging him not to be shocked by her want of gratitude to her preserver, or lack of appreciation of his heroism in so gallantly rushing to her rescue. Then she carried Addie off upstairs, to lay off her hat and prepare for tea.

As Mabel glanced into the mirror to arrange her own slightly disordered tresses, she found her hair full of apple-blossoms. They had floated down from the old tree where she had been sitting, and lodged in her sunny ringlets.

"Don't take them out," protested Addie, as she was proceeding to remove them, "they are so pretty and so very becoming. I know Dudley admired them, for I saw him look at them several times."

"It is much more probable that he thought how very untidy my hair looked for a young lady," returned Mabel, with a venomous brush that sent the blossoms flying; and to herself she added, "He shall not flatter himself that I was trying to look romantic for his benefit."

But that last little outburst entirely exhausted her small stock of bitterness; and when, a few minutes later, they descended to the parlor, she was in her sweetest, merriest mood.

Mrs. Reid's table was perfect in its appointments, and her golden fruits, flaky biscuits and light rich cake were something to be remembered. They had a merry time at the tea-table. Mr Phelps exerted himself to please, and to remove the disagreeable impression he felt he had made on Mabel. He certainly had a talent for conversation; and when they rose from the social meal, Mabel acknowledged to herself that he was not the conceited fop she was determined to believe him, but an intelligent, cultivated gentleman.

"Would you like to visit 'Sans Souci?'" said Mabel to her guests as she led the way out on to the verandah. "The sun will be setting soon, and it is the pleasantest part of the day, too pleasant to stay in the house."

"Thank you, if you will be so good. I confess to a good deal of curiosity as to what and where Sans Souci may be."

"I was telling him on our way here," said Addie, "that you had the most charming little retreat where you did all your sewing and reading and corresponding, and you called it 'Sans Souci.'"

"I hope she has not raised in you any expectation of seeing anything very nice, Mr. Phelps. Mabel's Sans Souci is nothing but a crooked old apple-tree, with a seat fitted up in it."

"Now, mamma, you shall not call my bower by such common-place names. Mr. Phelps shall come and see for himself if it is not the most romantic little bird's nest in the world."

So through the sunset they all four sauntered through the well-kept lawns and flower-gardens, down to the old orchard. After all, Sans Souci was as lovely a spot as one could wish to see. An immense apple-tree, very ancient in its appearance, with branches so heavily laden with their flowery burden they almost swept the ground. A little flight of rustic steps circling round the rugged trunk gave access to a rough landing in the cleft of the tree. Here was a rustic sofa, piled with cushions, and a rustic stand on which lay a book and a delicate work-basket; a dainty India matting covered the floor. It was a tiny place, and would scarcely admit more than two or three.

"Who will venture to climb the magic stairway first?" said Mabel gayly. "I warn you that you will encounter all sorts of hobgoblins and terrors."

"I do not think your mansion will accommodate more than one of us at a time, and as Mabel and I have been there so often we will let Mr. Phelps go first. If you will spare us some of your cushions we will sit on the steps, where we can see you and talk to you, and rest ourselves."

"Then, Mr. Phelps, I shall have the pleasure of doing the honors of Sans Souci for you, if you have the courage to mount my aerial stairway."

Mrs Reid and Addie were comfortably arranged with cushions on the upper stairs, and as the sun went down, and the gloaming came on, they all four rested quietly, and talked soberly, as people are apt to do in the twilight. The fragrant pink blossoms hung all around them, and as they talked Mr. Phelps gathered a graceful cluster, and said to Mabel, who sat beside him—

"I missed the blossoms from your hair at the tea-table, will you let me give you these, and will you wear them to please a whim of mine?"

Mabel flushed a little and she was half inclined to refuse him, but she took them graciously, with some laughing remark, and twined them among her curls.

Mrs. Reid and Addie had wandered away, but they returned in a few minutes with the unlucky Jim and his mother, Aunt Dinah; one bearing Chinese lanterns, and the other a server with ice-cream.

"Can we all crowd into your sanctum, Mabel, and have a little cream?"

"Why yes, mamma, I think we can; we are all supposed to be good-natured, and Jim will get us a couple of camp chairs."

Jim hung the lanterns and was dispatched for the chairs, and Aunt Dinah, having deposited her burden, also departed. It was rather a tight squeeze to get four people into so small a compass, but they enjoyed it immensely, until the cooling effects of cake and ice-cream, and the heavenly dews, warned them it would be safer in the house. When they reached the parlor, Addie said it was growing late, and they must certainly be starting home.

It was quite evident that Mr. Phelps was willing to stay a little later, but, of course, he could offer no objection to Addie's decision. So, after thanking Mrs. Reid for the pleasant evening, he turned to Mabel, and said, with her permission he would be happy to call again, and begged her to prepare another tableau as striking and effective as the one in which he had been so fortunate to play the part of deliverer. Then they departed; but not until Addie had made Mabel promise to come over to tea the next day, and she would have a few friends invited to meet Dudley.

When Mabel entered Mrs. Green's parlor, the next afternoon, the room was already quite full, and she flushed a little as she met Mr. Phelps's dark eyes, with their only half-concealed admiration. Her graceful figure was arrayed in the prettiest and daintiest of summer muslins, and in the sunny ringlets nestled the very pink blossoms that had been given her the night before. It was half coquetry and half something else that had induced Mabel to wear them, and she saw that Mr. Phelps had recognized them. Suddenly a burning kind of shame took possession of her, and she would gladly have thrown the blossoms away.

"How silly he must think me," she said to herself. Before the evening was half over she was sure he despised her, for though he was the life of the party, and made himself very popular by his agreeable attentions to everybody, he scarcely noticed Mabel. After the first slight feeling of mortification had passed, Mabel did not care. There were others that were glad to win her smiles, and so she devoted herself to them, or, rather, allowed them to be devoted to her. At last some one prevailed on her to sing. She had a voice of rare sweetness and power, and sang "Waiting" with more than her usual expression and feeling. When she finished she found Mr. Phelps beside her looking down on her with eyes of fire.

"Why did you not tell me yesterday that you sang so divinely? Do you not know how passionately fond I am of music?" Then, in a change of tone—"If you have been 'Waiting,' I have been 'Longing,' will you not sing 'Longing' for me?"

The little witch saw what an impression she had made, and laughingly refusing to gratify his "Longings," sang instead, "If you wish me to love you, then bring a bouquet," in her archest and prettiest style. As she rose from the piano, Mr. Phelps offered his arm and whispered—

"Will apple-blossoms do?" glancing significantly at the flowers in her hair.

"No, indeed," she answered, crimsoning in spite of herself; "none but the rarest exotics will be accepted."

"Your love would be hard to win, then, I fear, in this country devoid of hot-houses. May I have the pleasure of walking home with you in the starlight?"

She felt very much like refusing him, to punish him for his lack of attention all the evening, but she reflected that it might be more of a punishment to her than to him, so she accepted.

When a few minutes later, the girls were up-stairs donning their wrappings, there was quite a discussion as to whom Mr. Phelps would probably take home.

"It will be Helen Lee, I know," said Hattie Armstrong; "he seemed quite struck, didn't you think so, girls?"

Mabel said nothing, but throwing her shawl around her, hurried down stairs, and had said good-night to her hostess, and carried off Mr. Phelps, while the girls were still discussing the matter up-stairs.

It was such a warm, fragrant May evening, it was no wonder they loitered by the way. When they reached Mrs. Reid's verandah, Mr. Phelps said—

"Miss Mabel, will you let me thank you for wearing my apple-blossoms, and let me believe they were worn as a token of friendship?"

"I did not think you would recognize them," said Mabel, equivocating, "and I wore them because it was so much less trouble than to go down to the orchard and gather fresh ones."

There was a tiny smile under the brown mustache, for did he not know she was story-telling? but he only said—

"At least you will let me take one of them to remind me of this lovely evening and my little apple-blossom friend?"

"If your memory requires an assistant, you may have one," said Mabel, *en hauteur*, taking one from her hair and handing it to him.

"But will you give it to me emblematically?" retaining both the blossom and the hand a moment.

"I do not know the language of apple-blossoms," said Mabel, hastily withdrawing her hand.

"If you will not *give* it emblematically, I may at least *take* it so?"

"You may take it as you please," said Mabel, "but I warn you I am not responsible for what it may say, as I am unacquainted with its language."

"I leave you then to discover it, for remember I claim it in that way. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

During the evening at Mrs. Green's, there had been a picnic to Mt. Holly arranged for the next day.

The morrow came, as fair and as perfect as only a May day in the Cumberland Valley can be; and Mt. Holly was a charming spot. They went in great farm-wagons, and carried a tempting lunch with them. The day was warm and delicious, but Mabel, who was perfectly charming to all her other friends, was in rather a freezing mood to Mr. Phelps. He tried several times to show her some little attention, but was met so frigidly that he gave it up at last and rather devoted himself to Helen Lee.

It was early twilight, when the merry party of picnicers set Mabel down at her home, very tired and with a throbbing headache. After a refreshing cup of tea, she sat in the pleasant sitting-room, on a low ottoman, with her head in her mother's lap half dreaming, and soothed by the cool touch of her mother's fingers. She was roused by Jim, scraping and bowing at the door.

"What is it, Jim?" said Mrs. Reid.

"If you please, missus, Massa Green's boy brought sumpin' fo' Miss May," and forthwith he deposited in Mabel's lap a basket.

She raised the cover with an exclamation of delight, for there lay the most exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers. In the centre was the silver chalice of a calla, and around it clustered snowy camellias, and rich, creamy half-opened roses, graceful drooping begonia, and through it all soft purplish masses of the fragrant heliotrope. A card lay on the top, and she did not need to read the name, "Dudley Phelps," to recognize the giver. A faint crimson stole into her cheek as she thought of the song the evening before. There was a little tinge of regret, too, that she had treated him so cavalierly all that day. Then she wondered where they could have come from. She knew that nowhere nearer than the city, thirty miles away, could such flowers be procured. But she loved flowers, and her dreams were fragrant of heliotrope and roses that night.

For a few weeks after the picnic the village of Arling was very gay. There were tea-parties innumerable, picnics, horseback rides, and boating parties, and Mabel was fast learning to change her opinion concerning city gentlemen.

It was one day, near the close of the month of blossoms, that she received a note, and it ran thus—

"Miss Mabel.—My vacation is at an end. I received letters this morning, calling me back to the city to-morrow. Will you join us this afternoon in a horseback ride, our last one to the 'Glen?' My cousin and Mr. Lee will accompany us. If you will go we will call for you at three o'clock.

"Very truly your friend,

"Dudley Phelps."

I wonder why Mabel grew so pale, and then red, and why her hand trembled so as she sat down to answer the little missive. She tried to convince herself that she did not care anything about his going away. He had been a pleasant acquaintance for a few weeks, and after he was gone, she would probably forget him, as soon as he would her.

As the afternoon passed away she was restless and impatient, and dressed for the ride long before the hour. She looked wondrous fair in her dark habit, fitting so perfectly her rounded figure, and her Alpine hat with its long black plume drooping over the bright hair. She went down into the parlor, and as they still did not come, she laid her whip and gauntlets on the piano beside her, and sat down and sang that farewell song of Lucia di Lammermoor, "I'll pray for Thee." Through the open windows her voice floated out into the warm afternoon air, tender and plaintive as the song of a bird.

Something in the words touched her, and her clear voice faltered, while she sang with an earnestness she was hardly aware of—

> "Say not this heart can alter,
> Think not though now we sever,
> I can forget thee ever."

But when she came to the words, "I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee," the prayer ended in what was almost a sob, and the fair head drooped. But only for a moment; she heard a step and springing up, found her hand clasped in that of Dudley Phelps. He said only one word, in a voice that trembled, "Mabel!" but if she had looked into his eyes, she might have read a story there, and known that he had heard her. But Mabel did not see his eyes, for her own were drooped in confusion, and gathering up her whip and gloves, she announced herself ready for the ride. Mr. Phelps lifted her into the saddle, and they dashed off into a merry canter. It was not until the gay dash had brought back the natural color to her cheek, and the smile to her lip, that she dared meet his look frankly as of yore.

As they entered the "Glen," a wild ravine, with a mountain torrent dashing through it, they slackened their pace; as indeed was necessary, for there was hardly a safe footing for their horses. Stopping every few moments to enjoy some new effect of the stream dashing over the rocks, or to gather some of the wild flowers that grew in such luxuriance, they soon fell far behind the others. Suddenly Mr. Phelps sprang from his horse.

"Wait for me a minute, Miss Mabel, I see something that I must have." He disappeared as he spoke, but returned in a few moments bearing in his hand a cluster of apple-blossoms.

"Would you expect to find an apple-tree in this wild place?" he said, "and just in blossom, while its sister trees were through with their blooming two weeks ago."

"Was it apple-blossoms that carried you off so suddenly? I thought you had discovered nothing less than a bird of Paradise, or an Egyptian lily."

"Apple-blossoms have become great favorites with me of late," he said as he remounted. "Fair lady, may I twine some of them in your hair?" She submitted blushingly, and then they rode on slowly.

"Shall I tell you why I like apple-blossoms so much?" and as she did not answer, he went on—

"Do you remember the first night that I met you, in that strange way? Your hair was full of apple-blossoms then, and somehow ever since they have been inseparably associated with you to me. How long ago that seems! I feel as if I had always known you, and yet it is hardly four weeks since we first met, and to-morrow I go away. Did you ever discover the language of apple-blossoms?"

Still she did not answer, and he turned to look at her. She sat perfectly colorless, her head bent forward a little, and her bridle hand resting listless, almost lifeless on the croup of the saddle. He checked his horse almost alarmed, and stayed here too. Then taking the little hand gently, reverently in his own, he said passionately—

"Mabel, *dear* little Mabel, look up and tell me that you love me; and if I go away to-morrow, promise me that I can come back and claim you for my own."

Still the fair head only drooped lower and lower, so he put one strong arm around and drew the golden curls to his shoulder, and would not let her go until she promised, and sealed the promise. When they rode on again he said, "Mabel *mine*, will you tell me now the language of apple-blossoms?"

"Ever thine," she whispered softly, with a face that rivalled the apple-blossoms in its color.

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

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—Mortimer J. Loomis is now one of the most violent of the denunciators of railroad monopolies. Since his last adventure on the cars he hates a railroad worse than an Arrapahoe Indian hates a bald-headed Presbyterian. Loomis has fits of somnambulism occasionally, and at such times he has an uncontrollable tendency to wander into dangerous places. More than once he has been surprised, upon waking, to find himself roosting on the comb of the roof, or hanging head foremost down the well, with one leg around the bucket-handle. He went out to Pittsburgh a few days ago, and when he entered the sleeping-car the thought struck him that he might get to prowling about during the night while asleep and walk off the platform into a better world. So he went to the brakeman and gave him a dollar, with strict instructions that if he saw Mortimer J. Loomis walking around that car in his sleep to seize him and force him back at all hazards. Then Loomis turned in, and soon his reverberating snore echoed the screech of the locomotive. About two o'clock Loomis awoke, and as the air of the car seemed stifling, he determined to go out on the platform for a fresh breath or two. Just as he got to the door, that vigilant brakeman saw him, grabbed him, floored him and held him down. When Loomis recovered his breath, he indignantly exclaimed, "You immortal ass! What d' you mean? Lemme get up, I tell you; I'm as wide awake as you are." But that myrmidon of a grasping corporation put another knee on Loomis's breast and insisted that Loomis was asleep; and then he called another brakeman, and after a terrific struggle, during which Loomis received bumps and blows enough to wake an Egyptian mummy that had been dead for six thousand years, the railroad man jammed him into a berth, put a trunk and eight carpet bags on him, and then sat on him to hold him down until morning. The first thing Mr. Loomis asked for when he arrived in Pittsburgh was a respectable hospital where they cured the temporarily insane. He thinks his reason was partially dethroned by his effort to comprehend how that brakeman could have the face to ask him for another dollar because of the trouble Loomis gave him during the night.

—When Chubb's wife died we called in to mourn with him, and if possible to console him in his affliction. The old man sat in the rocking-chair with his eyes closed, chewing a toothpick and rocking to and fro as he apparently mused over the years that had sped so happily in company with his late partner. We gently approached the subject of Mrs. Chubb's departure. We assured him that we sympathized with him in his deep affliction, and the more sincerely because we well knew the estimable qualities of his wife and were familiar with the virtues with which she adorned her home. "She was indeed," we said, "an excellent woman; a remarkable woman; a woman of sterling qualities and of unaffected piety." Chubb stopped rocking and looked at us mournfully: "Unaffected piety?" he exclaimed; "unaffected piety? That's just it. That is just what's the matter. I tell you, Adeler," he said, bringing his hand down emphatically on the arm of the chair, "the way that there woman could roast a sugar-cured ham would bring tears to the eyes of a graven image." Then we went out and left him alone with his sorrow. There are some kinds of grief that are too sacred to be lightly intruded upon.

—Eckels, our carpenter, was attending to a job up at Spring Mill the other day when the thermometer marked ninety-five in the shade, and he had his extra tools lying on a stone wall some distance from him. After a bit he told his new apprentice boy to go and bring him a cold chisel. The boy went, and when Eckels had waited for about an hour for the apprentice, he began to get mad, and picking up a club, he started to hunt that wandering child with the intent to raise some new kinds of bumps on him. He found the apprentice sitting by the spring up on the hill with his hands locked over his knees, and watching with intentness one of Eckels's best chisels, which was lying in the water. When the club drill was over and the boy came to a "parade rest," he explained to Eckels that the chisels had become so heated by lying in the sun that he thought he would cool one off by putting it in the spring. That was about the nearest approach he could make to a cold chisel without buying a bucketful of ice. The boy has now given up carpentering, and his parents are endeavoring to decide whether to put him in the ministry or to make a newspaper editor of him.

—When the Sawyers returned from their wedding trip, we of course called upon them. Mrs Sawyer alone was at home, and, after a brief discussion of the weather the conversation turned upon Sawyer. We had known him for many years and we took pleasure in making Mrs. Sawyer believe that he had as much virtue as an omnibus load of patriarchs and martyrs, and the wisdom of Solomon, with a couple of editions of the revised cyclopedia thrown in. Mrs. Sawyer assented joyously to it all, but we thought we detected a shade of sadness on her face while she spoke. We asked her if anything was the matter; if Sawyer's health was not good. "Oh, yes," she said, "very good indeed, and she loved him dearly. He was the best man in the world; but—but—" Then we assured Mrs. Sawyer that she might speak frankly to us, as we were Sawyer's most intimate friend, and could probably smooth any little unpleasantness that might mar their happiness. She then said it was nothing. It might seem foolish to speak of it; she knew it was not her dear husband's fault, and she ought not to complain; but it was hard, hard to submit when she reflected that there was but one thing to prevent her being perfectly happy; yes, but one thing, "for oh, Mr. Adeler, I would ask for nothing more in this world if Ezekiel only had a Roman nose!" We did not mention the subject to Ezekiel when we met him for fear of exciting him. But it is sad to think of two young lives being made miserable and two loving hearts separated just for want of one Roman nose. But it is partly Mrs. Sawyer's own fault. Any woman who truly loved her husband might, we think, live happily with him if he had a nose like a bar of Castile soap.

—There is one reason why we should regret to have the present troubles with domestic servants ended. It is because women derive so much pleasure from discussing the subject. Place two women together, and it makes no difference where the conversation starts from, it will be perfectly certain to work around to the hired girl question before many minutes have elapsed. We have seen an elderly housekeeper, with experience in conducting the talk in the right direction, break into a discussion of Pythagoras and the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and switch off the entire debate with such expedition that an unsophisticated listener would for some moments have an indistinct impression that the conversation referred to the inefficiency of Pythagoras as a washer and ironer, and to the tendency of that heathen philosopher to take two Thursdays out every week. And when a woman has an unusually villainous hired girl who burns up the coal, wastes the butter, mixes her hair in the biscuit and stuffs her relations with the sugar, it is interesting to observe how she glories in the superiority of her sufferings to those of her neighbors, and how, as she tells of them, she gloats over her misery and feels good about it. A woman who has a really competent servant is always in a condition of abject wretchedness on such occasions.

—It turns out, after all, that the meanest man is not the man we referred to the other day, who split up his first wife's tombstone. Burrows is even meaner than he. Burrows was an inveterate tobacco chewer, but as his wife detested the practice and made home tempestuous and stormy for him when he indulged in the habit there, he always chewed when away during the day, and declared to his wife that he had stopped permanently. But one evening, upon entering the front door and drawing out his handkerchief, he accidentally pulled out his paper of tobacco, and, without noticing it, left it lying on the floor. When Burrows sat down to tea, his wife walked in with the tobacco in her hand, and looking Burrows firmly in the eye, said, "Do you know who that belongs to?" With great presence of mind Burrows turned scowling to his oldest boy and said, with a severe voice: "Immortal Mars! Is it possible that you have begun to chew tobacco, you young reprobate? Where 'd you get that nasty stuff? What d' you mean by such conduct, you villain? Haven't I told you often enough to let tobacco alone? Commere to me, or I'll tear the jacket off of you." And as he spoke the stern father made a grab at the boy and dragged him out in the entry, where he chastised him with a cane. Then Burrows threw the tobacco over the fence, where he went out and got it in the morning and enjoyed it during the day. "Merciful Moses!" he exclaimed when he told us about it, "what would I have done if my children had all been girls? It makes an old father's heart glad when he feels that he has a boy he can depend on in such emergencies."

—We have received the first number of a new Sunday-school paper just issued in Chicago. It has for its motto "Onward to Heaven," and it contains a request for a notice from other papers. One of the most prominent of the items in it is the following:

"Old Bangs was a little too fond of his bitters—and one day after taking a snifter or two too many, he lay down by the roadside to sleep. A buzzard observed him, and thinking he was dead, alighted on his breast and pecked him in the face. Whereupon old Bangs looked up and said—'You're a leetle bit too smart, I ain't dead yet.'"

We do not profess to know much about the best methods of instructing children, but this seems to us to be just the kind of intellectual food to fill the infant mind with a yearning for pure religion, and to dispose it to seek to find peace in holiness. The child whose tendency to yield to the impulses of original sin, impels it to walk in the paths of wickedness, naturally would embrace the truths of Christianity with impetuous ardor immediately after reading about the snifters of old Bangs; and if the allusions to bitters did not convince such an evil disposed babe of the instability of all earthly happiness, certainly the conversation between Bangs and the buzzard would create an irrepressible longing for celestial joys. We can cordially recommend such a paper as this.

"DAWN OF GENIUS."

"What's the use of talking to baby, mamma—he can't understand you?"
"Why can't he understand me?"
"Why, he's got no teeth!"

AN UNEXPECTED CRUISE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CUBAN STRUGGLE.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Determined, for at least a short season, to enjoy to its full extent the well-known motto—

"While we journey through life,
Let us live by the way,"—

a party of boon companions set sail one pleasant afternoon from a large sea-port on the southern coast of the United States, and shaped our course for a harbor in the sunny land of Mexico.

We had chartered a yacht-like looking craft, a schooner of one hundred tons, neat in rig, sharp in hull, and of a build that suggested at once the "long, low, rakish craft," so popular with writers of romance for pirate vessels.

Excepting cook and stewards, we formed our own crew, for we were fifteen in number, and most all of us, if not experienced sailors, had at least seen enough of a "life on the ocean wave" to believe ourselves "old salts."

A short sojourn at the Naval Academy—I would have remained longer had I been permitted so to do—and a few hard knocks at sea in after years, gained for me the command of the schooner, which we rechristened the *Adventure*, carefully rubbing out every trace of her former name, *Polly Jones*.

We were thoroughly armed with shot-guns, rifles, pistols and swords, for we endeavored to imagine that danger lay in our path, and were rather glad when we learned that three of our crew, possessing romantic minds, had smuggled on board arms sufficient for a regiment; also was our store-room filled with choice provisions and liquors—for medicinal use.

Dividing our crew into three watches, we had an officer and three men to each watch, for I had a trio of mates, the better to enable me to play "old soldier;" then there was a surgeon, in case of sickness, or wounds, and a lawyer to see that we broke none of the laws of neutrality, and the cook and two stewards, making, all told, eighteen precious souls, bound on a cruise for a month or six weeks—or longer, if our stores and *medicines* held out.

That the *Polly Jones* alias *Adventure* was sea-worthy and as "fleet as a bird on wing"—that was our favorite expression—we soon discovered, and without any accident or adventure, we dropped anchor in less than a week in a small sea-port of Mexico.

Lying upon the deck, half-asleep, half-awake, and enjoying the balmy air, the third day after our arrival, I was startled by the sound of oars, and glancing over the counter-rail, I discerned through the hazy air a small boat approaching.

Soon it was alongside, and a single person ascended to the schooner's deck and asked politely in broken English to see the captain.

"I act in that capacity, sir; how can I serve you?" I answered.

"I would see you in private, señor."

Wondering what was up, and regretting that the *romantic* men of our crew were ashore on a spree—*id est*, "sight-seeing"—that they might "find just cause" for believing we had unearthed an adventure, I led the way into our large and comfortable cabin, and offering a glass of old Bourbon and a cigar to my guest, bade him be seated, while I narrowly read his face.

He was a young man of perhaps twenty-five, graceful in manner, and decidedly a gentleman; but about him there was a certain nervousness which he in vain tried to control.

The spirits, however, strengthened him, and after awhile he said:

"I have come to see you, captain, upon a mission of importance—you are an American, I believe?"

"I am, sir."

"You command a vessel devoted to a pleasure voyage of a few weeks?"

"I do, sir."

"She is a swift sailer, there are eighteen persons on board, and you can go where you please?"

"You have been rightly informed."

"Captain, can I trust you with my life, with a secret that controls the lives of many?" and as the young man spoke he looked earnestly into my face.

"I would never betray a confidence placed in me; but—"

"Then I will trust you. I wish to engage you and your vessel upon a dangerous expedition, one that will pay you handsomely if successful, and may bring you death if unsuccessful. I pledge you it is nothing that will endanger your honor; it is one in which you will gain honorable fame."

"Go on, sir."

"I cannot; of course, circumstanced as you are, you must seek the counsel of your companions, and when all return on board discover their feelings, and if favorable, come at midnight to the shore, beneath the shelter of the fortress, and there I will meet you and conduct you to where you can learn more. Captain, I rely on your good faith."

"I will not deceive you," I answered, and soon after the stranger had departed.

When our amateur crew were all aboard, I made known to them the circumstance, that it was in our power to be sent upon some expedition where honor could be gained, but which would be dangerous in the extreme, and without a dissenting voice they agreed to enlist in the cause, if after I had found out all matters concerning it, we would not be compromised in a manner to work us injury.

Midnight found me at the appointed rendezvous, and there I met my companion of the evening, who greeted me warmly and bade me follow.

Telling the crew of the boat to await my return, I walked away with the strange guide, and after a short while we halted at a small doorway in the side of a wall.

A loud knock gained us entrance, and in a few moments I was ushered into a room, large, well-lighted and containing but two kinds of furniture, a table and chairs.

Around the table were seated a dozen or more men, all possessing the same swarthy complexion as my companion, the same dark, restless eyes.

A murmur of gratification ran around the assemblage at my entrance, and immediately every individual present arose to his feet, while one, who seemed to be a leader approached and said—

"You are welcome, Señor American, to our council. I am glad to see that you have determined to aid us, and not to keep you in suspense, I will say that I am Emanuel Barrara, the secret representative of the Cuban patriots."

It was as I had suspected, I was in the presence of the Cuban Junta, then established in Mexico, and the struggling patriots of that "ever faithful isle" having from the first possessed my full sympathy, I was now glad to meet face to face some of its heroes, and in a few words in Spanish, I said as much, and at once entered into all of their plans, which, in a few words, were to use myself and vessel as a means of conveyance for arms, ammunition, and stores into the island of Cuba, for sadly in need of such things were the devoted band under the gallant Cespedes.

Without one suspicion against us the Adventure was fully loaded with numerous boxes, containing the desired relief stores, and having shipped, as 'twere, a dozen men, all volunteers, we weighed anchor and started forth upon our unexpected cruise, each one of our individual crew heartily joining in the expedition, most anxious to aid by striking a blow for poor suffering Cuba.

Before a good wind we flew away, and in a few days hove in sight of the "isle of the sea," and then I called a council to decide upon the best means of landing our precious cargo.

Numerous plans were suggested, and declined as impracticable, when Señor Cavello, the young Cuban who had first visited me aboard ship, proposed that we should boldly run into some small sea-port under protection of our free cruising papers, and at once dispatch a trusty messenger to the camp of Cespedes, and request the President to send a force by night to some point where we would land the arms under cover of the darkness.

Though a bold one, this plan was feasible, and I acted upon it, and caused the *Adventure* to be put away for a small seaport, then but a short distance off, and shortly after nightfall we dropped anchor under cover of Spanish guns, for a miserable little fortress was there to protect the harbor.

Our papers were cautiously examined by the officials and pronounced all right, for I made it a point to be most polite to the Dons, and one and all of them who visited the vessel went ashore in a jolly good humor with the world in general, and in their boat went the messenger to Cespedes, for I had asked permission for one of my seamen, a Spaniard I called him, although he was a Cuban, to visit the town to see his mother and sister who lived near.

Three days we lay at anchor in the little harbor awaiting the return of our messenger, and entertaining the Spanish officials and their families, one and all of whom pronounced Americans a great people, and set us down as the "flowers of the flock."

The evening of the third day I had invited a dozen or more of the town authorities and officers belonging to the fortress to dine with me, and toward sunset the boats began to arrive, and in the one bringing the *alcade*, I recognized my messenger to the patriot camp, who arriving at the beach just as the boat was pushing off begged permission to return in it to his vessel, a permission the worthy *alcade* was willing to grant, as the anticipated bowls of punch and fine wines aboard ship put him in a good humor, for already had I enjoyed the honor of making the old man charmingly drunk with a punch which was made in the most approved manner.

With a reprimand to the seaman for remaining ashore so long, I turned and received my guests, and when they were attended to, as became their august positions, I sought out the messenger, who after my scolding—supposed to be—had gone forward sullenly.

The news brought was most hopeful; that night, on a point of land, desolate in the extreme, and about half a mile from where the *Adventure* lay at anchor, there would be one hundred bold fellows under an *aide* to Cespedes, ready to bear the arms and stores to their destination.

"Now for work," I said, and calling my crew around me, I was in the forecastle, I told them as soon as it was dark they must get ready for work, the boats must be lowered, the oars muffled and nothing left undone that could add to the successful landing of the cargo.

But there was one drawback in the way, the crews of the several boats that had brought my guests, what could I do with them?

"Ah, I have it; steward, I wish you to get three cases of wine together, and make up as many hampers of the best provisions the ship has, and place one in each boat, when I come from the cabin and give you the order."

"Ay, ay, captain."

It was now dark, and my guests were invited into the grand cabin, where we were to indulge in a "before dinner" drink, merely to get us up an appetite for the good things that were to come, and then, just before dinner was announced, I ascended to the deck and found the three cases of wine and provisions had been prepared.

"Here, lads," I said, addressing the crews of the boats, "our dinner is late to-day, and it'll be four hours or more before your officers are ready to depart, so I've some wine and good things for you, and here is some gold, so row ashore, rent you a room in the public house, and have a good time until twelve o'clock when you must return here—now mind you, not later than twelve."

A hearty cheer greeted my words and armed with the wherewithal for a spree the boatmen departed, while I turned to my crew and ordered them to immediately begin preparations for the landing.

I did the honors of the table then, aided by the surgeon, lawyer and two or three of our amateur crew, while the remainder, under command of Señor Cavello, attended to the disembarkation.

Slowly and steadily we spread the eatables and drinkables before our guests, changing courses as deliberately as though we had a life-time to devote to that dinner, and slowly the hours wore away, our guests drinking deeply and eating heavily, while though pretending to take glass for glass with them, we—who had so much at stake, and were momentarily in suspense—played "old soldier" and saturated the carpet with many a glass of rare old wine, foaming champagne and goblet of punch.

True there was at times considerable noise and commotion on deck, made by the transfer of the cargo, but I explained this to my guests by saying the men were making merry; and indeed they were, at the expense of the Spanish officials.

Loud rang the laugh, clear echoed the song, and stirring were the choruses sung around that groaning table that night in the cabin of the *Adventure*, until at length the steward said meaningly:

"There is no more to be done, sir?"

"Nothing, now we can get along without you, only have plenty of wine on hand."

It was after eleven o'clock, and his remark told me all the stores had been landed, and after another engagement with the punch-bowl all round, we arose from the table, and staggered rather than walked upon the deck, when, at a glance, I discovered the Spaniards' boats had just returned, and that one and all were gloriously drunk was evident, for they were as noisy as a regiment of cats.

"Captain, you are a—a—trump; you have treated our men as nobly as you have us," said the *alcade*, who was "half-seas over," and, under his potations, was rapidly going before the wind the rest of the way across.

"I have treated you all as you deserve—officers and men," I answered, and anxious to get away while I could—for the surgeon had informed me that the landing had been made in safety, and without discovery, and ere this the force of patriots from Cespedes, accompanied by Cavello, and the Cubans who had come with us from Mexico, were already miles away on the march back to the mountain encampment—I proposed that my guests should let me get my vessel under sail, and take them as far in shore as I dare go.

Eagerly the proposition was accepted, and giving the order to get under way, the men sprang to work like old sea-dogs; the anchor was up in a jiffy, the canvas spread, and, towing the three Spanish boats astern, the *Adventure* flew rapidly over the waters of the bay.

For an hour I put back and forth, trying the fleet vessel on every wind, for the benefit of my guests, whom I still plied with punch and cigars, thereby keeping them happy, and then rounding to, I saw them depart into their small boats, for we were yet a quarter of a mile from shore; but not with reluctance did I see them go, the reader may imagine.

With drunken words of farewell, and the announcement that "they'd never forget us," the Spaniards rowed away, when instantly every man sprang to his post on board the *Adventure*; sail after sail was spread, and away dashed the fleet craft across the bay, through the outlet, and into the open sea, without molestation from the soldiers in the fortress, for they doubtless believed we had permission so to do from their commander—who had been our guest at dinner.

With happy hearts at having been the means of serving our Cuban friends, we continued on our cruise for several weeks longer, always giving the "beautiful isle of the sea" a wide berth, for fear of accidents, such as falling in with a Spanish man-of-war that might have been sent after us, when the infuriated officials of Spain's rotten government learned the *ruse* we had played upon them.

Remarkable Hallucination.

Either a very imaginative young man has died recently in Davenport, Iowa, or another, almost as badly affected, has furnished the Gazette, of that place, with the story which follows: "One of the leading citizens of North Davenport had an only daughter, who was betrothed to a young man of fair promise, a clerk in a leading commercial house at Dubuque. His visits to the city were regular, and arrangements had been made for an immediate union, when the bride elect was stricken down with typhoid fever, and, in spite of all that skill and care could do, died. After the melancholy journey to Oakdale the young man returned to Dubuque. Nervous fever set in, and a peculiar hallucination seized him that his lost one was present in the room draped in the same garb which had enveloped her clay. All remonstrance was in vain. He minutely described her dress, her appearance, and her position in his chamber. Even when his parents or friends would sit or stand where he declared her to be, he saw her glide away and take another place. This went on for weeks, and the patient was gradually sinking under the physical and nervous excitement, when a friendly ruse was tried to cure him of his ecstasy. Coming to Davenport, his mother found that the funeral garments were purchased of C & M., and made by a Mrs. B. She procured the material, had it made up, and returning, a young lady as near in height and appearance as could be found was dressed to resemble his deceased love, and during one of his fevered and brief slumbers was introduced into the room, taking her seat in a shaded corner. His awakening was anxiously watched, and sanguine hopes of removing his hallucination were indulged in. He awoke at length, and turning his eyes in the direction of the pious fraud, stared with fixed eyeballs for a few seconds, then raising himself almost upright in his bed, flung his arms aloft and shrieking in an unearthly voice, 'My God, *there are two of them*,' fell back and expired."

☞ If you are a wise man, you will treat the world as the moon does; show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at once, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

C. C., (Osage, Iowa,) writes: "I take the liberty of asking you a few questions: 1st. I want to go east to New York, and I want to go as cheap as I can, and I cannot get a second class ticket where I am. How far east will I have to go before I can get one, and how much cheaper can I get a second than a first class ticket? After I get to Milwaukee, could I go the rest of the way, and how much would it cost from there? 2d. I have been going with a young lady three years. I told her that I loved her and asked for love in return. She said that she was too young to think of such a thing. Since that time I have fallen in love with another one. I am engaged to her. I have reason to believe the first one loves me. Now what shall I do, marry the first or the second? If I should marry the second, do you think it is my duty to say anything to the first about it, or not, before I am married? 3d. Which do you think it best for a man to do that has not got much money, to invest it in land, or go out west and take a homestead? 4th. How old do you think a girl ought to be before she marries, and how old ought a man to be? 5th. What can you send me a false mustache for by mail? 6th. Did Professor Wise start on his voyage the 4th of July? 7th. Do you think that it is safe for a man to put his money in the First National Bank and leave it there for ten years, and will they pay interest on interest as fast as it becomes due? 8th. Are the Spaniards fighting the Cubans yet, and do you think they will ever gain their independence? Was that great story true that you published about the Cuban war? 9th. What wages do sailors get now? Can a raw hand go to sea and get wages, and where would he have to go to get on a ship, and how long would he have to ship for? 10th. If a person sends you a stamp, would you answer questions by letter that you would not like to print? 11th. What about my writing and spelling? Would you rather see good writing and poor spelling, or poor writing and good spelling? 12th. Don't you think that I could travel around the world without money, by going on ships as a common hand, and working my way?" 1st. You can probably get one at Milwaukee, or at Chicago. We do not know what it will cost. Address the railroad agents at these cities. 2d. We do not perceive that you are under any obligations to marry the first, or to consult her about your marriage. She refused your offer, for a very sensible reason, but it was a distinct refusal, and you are at full liberty to marry elsewhere if you wish. 3d. That depends entirely on the man and the circumstances. 4th. Say from 21 to 25 for the girl, from 25 to 30 for the man, as a general rule. 5th. We are not in that line of business just at present. 6th. No. He has not started yet. 7th. It depends on the stability of the bank, of which he should satisfy himself. Banks, generally, pay no interest on deposits. 8th. Yes. What the result will be we are unable to predict. The story was as true as stories usually are—perhaps more so. 9th. His best plan would be to go to Boston or New York. He would probably get ten or twelve dollars per month, and would have to ship for the voyage. 10th. We have no time to write special answers to letters. 11th. Your writing is poor, your spelling correct. We would prefer good writing, as it is not usually very difficult to correct bad spelling, but often impossible to read bad writing. 12th. You possibly could. But you would see very little of the world. Common sailors are but seldom allowed to go on shore at foreign ports.

T. D., (Coman's Well, Va.,) asks: "Is there anything that will remove superfluous hair? And would you approve of its use? I have a high forehead, but unfortunately my hair grows over it nearly to my eyebrows. I would like to remove it." There are both mechanical and chemical depilatories—the former painful, the latter dangerous. Of the former, a strongly adhesive plaster is frequently used. It may be made of equal parts of pitch and rosin, spread on leather. This, on being drawn forcibly away, pulls out the hair by the roots. We prefer not to give the chemical remedies.

BILL, (Philadelphia,) writes: "1st. I tried to wring the cock's neck, but before I was well over the fence I was caught by a policeman, who thought I was either a thief or drunk. I had to give him five dollars to get off. And the cock still lives and crows. What shall I do now? 2d. I thought two ladies were desperately in love with me, but I have been refused by both of them. What do you think could be the reason? And what do you advise me to do? 3d. I am very stout. Do you think it would improve my figure to wear corsets? 4th. If I send you a very pretty little poem which I have written on myself, will you publish it? I think your lady readers would enjoy it. 5th. Are hare birds or animals? Are their young hatched from eggs?" 1st. You had better move to some localities where cocks and policemen do not flourish. 2d. You seem to be less irresistible than you supposed. Obey Davy Crockett's rule next time, "be sure you are right and then go ahead." 3d. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. 4th. Send it. We have a waste basket handy if it should not suit. 5th. They are mammals, which birds are not, though both birds and cats are animals. The term animals includes all living things above the vegetable kingdom. Their young are not hatched from eggs, but are born living, like the young of all the mammals.

R. S. (North Hampton, Pa.,) writes: "Like the rest of the world I come to you with my troubles. 1st. I am very much in love with a young gentleman, but my affections are not returned. Now what shall I do in this case? Do you think love powders are of any use in such a case as this? 2d. I used to be considered quite pretty by my friends, but about three months since I became quite tanned. What will help that? 3d. Great corns have appeared on my feet lately. What will cure them? 4th. If a gentleman in a store (a clerk) speaks to you while showing you goods (as he naturally would) would it be proper to recognise him on the street, or at a party, without an introduction? 5th. What do you think of my writing for a girl of sixteen?" 1st. Our advice is, that you do your best to drive all such nonsense out of your head. As you are probably going to school yet, you had better devote yourself as strictly to your studies that you will not have time to think of the young man. By that means you will render yourself worthy of being loved by some other sensible young gentleman by the time you are old enough safely to indulge in the tender passion. As for love powders, if you wish to make him sick they may prove very efficacious, but we do not imagine that they will have any influence upon his affections, except to make him hate you, if he finds out of what wickedness you have been guilty. 2d. The juice of tomatoes is said to be very good. We are told that the girls in tomato canning establishments wash their faces in the juice of the pressed tomatoes for this purpose. 3d. Increase the size of your shoes, and you probably will diminish the size of your corns. If you cramp your toes in a leather vice for the vanity of appearing to have a small foot, you must bear the natural consequence. 4th. It would not generally be considered proper. Ladies usually would not like to admit acquaintanceship with the clerks with whom they converse about the price and quality of dry goods. 5th. It needs improvement.

Q. E. D., (Phila.,) asks: "Will you prove to me why is it that six equal rings will exactly encircle another ring of the same size? I can find no demonstration of the proposition in my book on geometry." Mathematical demonstrations are not within the scope of this column. However, as we, with you, have never seen a demonstration of this problem, we will try and give you one, as clearly as we can without a figure. In drawing the figure it will be necessary first to describe the interior circle. From the centre of this circle draw six radial lines, equally distant from each other. Each two contiguous lines will thus form an angle of sixty degrees. On each of these lines produced describe a circle, of the same radius as the interior one, and just touching the circumference of this exterior circle. The problem is to prove that the interior circles will touch each other in a remainderless. Join the centres of each two contiguous circles by straight lines. These will form equilateral triangles with the lines from the centre of the interior circle. For these two sides of the triangle are equal in length, and embrace an angle of sixty degrees. Each angle of the triangle will then be sixty degrees, and its sides all equal. Therefore the line joining the centres of two exterior circles is of the same length as the lines joining these centres with that of the interior circle. It must therefore be equal to two radii of the circles, and their circumferences must just touch each other.

XTOANO, (Miranda, Ill.,) says: "I have somewhere seen an ink spoken of, which when first used is similar to other black inks, but which disappears in a few days, leaving the paper written upon in its original condition. As you are supposed to know all things please give me the recipe for that ink—or tell me where I can obtain either the recipe or the ink." We prefer to give no such recipe, as, though its use might be innocent in your case, we might be giving to others an instrument for wrong-doing. Our advice is, never write anything which you do not wish to continue durable.

AZEL, (Missouri,) says: "A few evenings since arose the question, which is the most, one square foot or one foot square, or are they the same. As a mode of decision I concluded to address you." They are the same. Two feet square, however, are twice as much as two square feet. The former means a square area having a side of two feet, hence containing four square feet.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]